

SPECIAL ISSUE

NOVEMBER 18, 1991 \$2.50

TIME

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THE ENDANGERED DREAM



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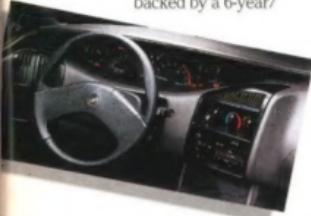
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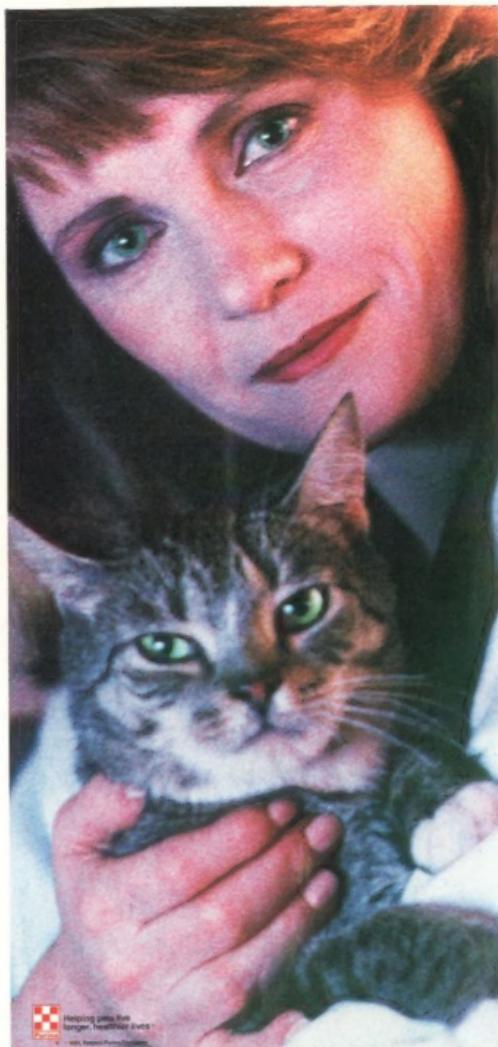
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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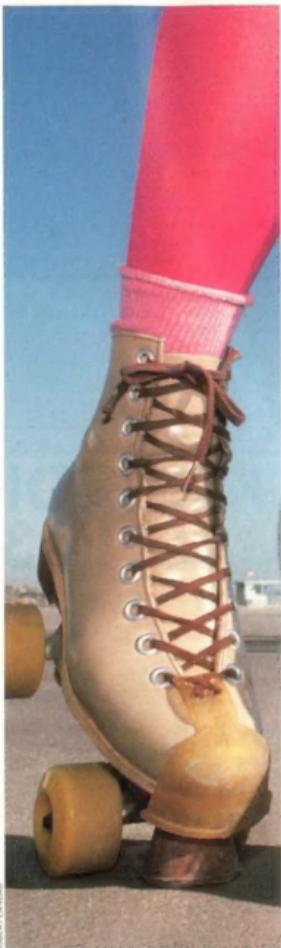
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COVER Photograph by Eric Meola

FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR



The California-based staff, bracketed by Bonfante and Wittman

This special issue on California fulfills a long-standing ambition of mine: to explain this amazing state to a national and international audience that knows it better for its clichés than for its complexity. My colleagues jokingly say I'm interested mainly because I grew up in San Francisco. I suppose there's some truth to that, if only because the changes in the state are all the more overwhelming to someone who knew it in the 1950s and '60s.

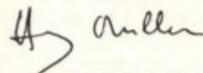
Any biases I may have were offset by senior editor Jack White, a North Carolinian who got some exposure to the Golden State when he lived in Fresno in the '60s. Jack put this issue together with the expert guidance of executive editor Ron Kriss, who still

regrets leaving the home he owned in Sausalito when he lived there as executive editor of *Saturday Review* in the early 1970s.

Most of the stories were written and reported by our correspondents and reporters in Los Angeles and San Francisco, under the supervision of West Coast bureau chief Jordan Bonfante. Jordan first lived in Los Angeles in the late '60s, when he was bureau chief for *LIFE* magazine; he returned three years ago after a foreign career that had taken him to London, Rome and Paris. "How much farther from Europe can you get?" he asks. For San Francisco bureau chief Paul Wittman, the assignment was especially nostalgic: he moves to New York as deputy chief of correspondents this week after a total of eight years (in two stints) in the City by the Bay. Of all the photographers represented in this issue, none was more thrilled by the assignment than P.F. Bentley, a resident of Stinson Beach, Calif.

As we were completing this issue, we received sad news: a dear colleague, Robert T. Zintl Jr., 44, died suddenly on Tuesday working in his office in Rome, where he was bureau chief. Terry, as his friends called him, went to Italy a year ago after five years editing in our *Nation* section and nine months as deputy managing editor of the *New York Daily News*. Terry was a natural journalist, always curious and professional, devoted to his family, a gracious and cheerful presence in the *Time & Life* Building in New York City and on the *Via Sardegna* in Rome. We will miss him immensely.



 *Zintl*

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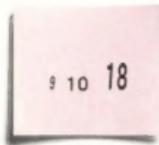
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LETTERS

OLIE NORTH'S STORY

"So North says, Reagan knew everything.' Was there ever any doubt?"

Neil L. Fraser
Atlanta



What ever persuaded you to put Ollie North—who, as everyone knows, is only trying to sell a book—on your cover [EXCERPT, Oct. 28]? It seems that you are simply taking the opportunity to castigate Ronald Reagan once again. How many *mea culpas* are required before a story is laid to rest?

Frank L. Erl
Dorothy A. Erl
Sterling Heights, Mich.

If our country had an honest and fair system of justice that treated everyone as equal, all those involved in the Iran-contra scandal, from Reagan on down to North's secretary, would be in prison where they belong. There was nothing honorable, patriotic or American about this undertaking. It was planned and conducted by sneaks and cowards, not patriots and heroes. Poll after poll conducted at that time showed that most Americans did not want the *contras* supported or supplied, and those involved in the scandal knew it. That is why they acted like cowards and went behind the back of the American people.

Thomas J. Tuohy
Rockaway Beach, N.Y.

It should be obvious to everyone who the real culprits were in the Iran-contra scandal. Oliver North, notwithstanding the fact that he knowingly or unknowingly skirted the law, was a dedicated and loyal soldier carrying out orders and doing what he believed was right for his country. Unfortunately, as is often the case, those who gave most generously of themselves received the least in return.

John Banda
Ishpeming, Mich.

During the Iran-contra hearings, Oliver North described himself as a loyal soldier who would receive an order from his commanding officer, salute sharply and charge up the hill. What he failed to mention is that on his return from the hill, he planned to sneak into the commander's tent at night and stab him in the back. If this is a patriot, America is in deep trouble.

Jim Cannon
Walla Walla, Wash.

Et tu, Ollie? Isn't there anyone left who can keep his mouth shut?

Frederick W. Dapp
Stratford, Conn.

Those Hearings (Cont'd.)

Maybe Senators Orrin Hatch and Arlen Specter are just *imagining* that they have enough support left among women to win their next re-election bids [NATION, Oct. 21 and 28]. Maybe, before too long, they will be sitting back home *fantasizing* about how they could have done a fairer job during the Clarence Thomas hearings. I, for one, plan to vote for any reasonable female candidate who runs for the Senate in my state. After the hearings fiasco, it is clear that only by electing more women to the Senate will we see that body address the issues that are important to women.

Lynn Capehart
San Diego

Thomas has passionately announced to the country that no one may probe or pass judgment on matters that pertain to his private life and sexuality. I sincerely hope that Justice Thomas will not forget his sense of violation and outrage when he is asked to rule on whether a woman may choose for herself to carry a pregnancy to term.

Sharon Curtis
Greendale, Wis.

A simple rule to follow regarding sexual harassment: If you can't say it (or do it) to your mother, wife or sister in public, don't say it (or do it) to any other woman.

Mary Chandler
Honolulu

The fact that National Public Radio correspondent Nina Totenberg has been sexually harassed is not unusual. What is

unusual is that she has the honesty to say so. That honesty is what makes her the right reporter for the job. If reporters who have been sexually harassed are barred from covering the subject, few women will be available to report on this important topic. I've been in the publishing business for 16 years, and believe me, I know.

Martha H. Peak
New York City

Senator Alan Simpson's remark to Anita Hill regarding Thomas, "Why in God's name would you ever speak to a man like that the rest of your life?" displayed a remarkable insensitivity to career women and the realities of the sexual-harassment issue. Of all people, a politician should understand the importance of contacts. If Simpson had chosen never again to speak to people who offended him or to those whose behavior he disapproved of, he wouldn't be a U.S. Senator today.

John R. Holmes Jr.
San Francisco

If the controversy over Justice Thomas and Professor Hill proves anything, it is that putting candidates for high office on public trial is a thoroughly bad idea. In most Western countries, Justice Thomas would have undergone an exhaustive (private) security screening and only after he had successfully passed, would his appointment have been announced. Your process cheapens everyone, but most of all the image of your country. As to sexual harassment, it works both ways. Many women use sex to their advantage in business, and clearly many women also get pestered. The only remedy is to complain promptly.

Dernod Gloster
Bryanton, South Africa

I totally agree with Strode Talbott that too many countries, especially those cynical ones in Europe, saw the Thomas-Hill confrontation as merely a disastrous media circus. Too many people missed the point that only in the U.S. can such a topic as sexual harassment be aired so thoroughly, showing that Americans care deeply about big issues like sexism, racism, etc. Many countries—especially here in Asia—regard women as second-class citizens, whereas a civilized country like the U.S. continues to examine its values and endeavors to correct the inequities in its society. How many Asian and European countries—or even Latin and African ones—care as much for the other half of humanity, the one that has for far too long been used and abused, oppressed and denigrated by the male of the species? As usual, it is the U.S. that blazes new trails. As a woman who knows what it is like to be considered inferior, I viewed the U.S. Senate hearings as a giant step for womankind.

Sabrina M. Santos
Hong Kong

The arts

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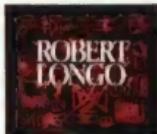


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LETTERS

If at Justice Thomas' Senate hearings the issue "was not sin in the eyes of God . . . but rights as protected by the American Constitution and defined by U.S. law," it is no wonder that most Europeans missed the point. In Europe, sexual harassment would have been dealt with not at the level of the Senate but at the level of the workplace; through what we would call a disciplinary procedure, and the offended party would not have waited for the alleged offender to be nominated for the Supreme Court to present her claim.

*Alfonso Torrents dels Prats
London*

Mass Murder at Luby's

I fail to comprehend the rationale of the National Rifle Association's membership. The 23 people who died in Luby's Cafeteria in Killeen, Texas, were not defending any high ideals or taking part in an undercover sting operation, and they did not live in a strife-torn country [NATION, Oct. 28]. They were ordinary people, out to enjoy an ordinary luncheon time meal, to be had with an ease that people in Russia can only dream about, in safe surroundings that Salvadorans have yet to imagine. The bullets that so senselessly shattered their lives were the direct result of the power wielded by the N.R.A., a mere 1% of the population that uses its lobbying might to set the rules for the other 99%.

*Dennis Courniaucis
Stockport, England*

I realize that TIME is so biased against the average citizen's having guns to protect himself that it is unable to see straight. So I should not have been surprised that your story quotes a Congressman's argument that the shooting at Luby's Cafeteria makes the old saying "Guns don't kill people, people do" ring hollow. On the contrary, the shooting brought out the truthfulness of that slogan and showed quite forcefully the value of bearing arms. If some of the restaurant's patrons had been armed, many of the people George Hennard shot would be alive today.

*Frank Webster
Detroit*

The police cannot protect us from madmen. We must protect ourselves. It is time Texas had a system to provide private citizens with permits that would allow them to carry concealed weapons.

*David R. Jones
Austin*

The old chestnut "Guns don't kill people, people do" is too facile, to say the least. How many victims would Hennard have been able to claim had he run amuck with a knife? Two? Three?

*Jon Berkeley
Hong Kong*

Oil-Drilling Concession

Your article on the oil drilling that is about to begin off the island of Bahrain suggests that Bahrain may have acted improperly in awarding the concession to Harken Energy simply because the President's eldest son was one of the company's investors as well as a director and consultant [BUSINESS, Oct. 28]. As the former chairman of Harken, I can tell you that Bahrain was not trying to win favor from the White House. It was looking for a company for which the project would be as important as it is for Bahrain. The Bahrain concession was toughly negotiated, and Harken is proud to have succeeded where others failed. You have tried to create the impression of conspiracy and questionable motivation, thus belittling the solid efforts and investments of people of the highest integrity. Shame on you.

*Alan G. Quasha
New York City*

In the late 1980s, after decades of unsuccessful drilling by Chevron, Texaco and other oil companies, Bahrain began looking for a small company with no other concessions in the Middle East that might be willing to gamble on further exploration. In selecting Harken Energy, our government had no illusions about the company's financial abilities, and we agreed from the start that it could bring in partners to share the risk. Our tiny state, with its very limited amount of oil and offshore areas, has experienced 12 dry holes recent years, so we are neither looking for nor expecting a bonanza from the Harken effort.

*Yousaf A. Shirawi
Minister of Development and Industry
Bahrain*

Lionizing Morrison

I've often suspected that my deep love, indeed obsession, for Van Morrison and his music is shared by others [MUSIC, Oct. 28]. Now I know. In your article, Mr. Morrison is placed among rock's greatest. Though appropriate, this is like placing Shakespeare among comedy's greatest. Van Morrison is the spiritual poet of our age. He needn't do more to help his audience than simply express himself. For in so doing, he speaks the heart.

*David Tucker
Kensington, Md.*

Adopting Abroad

In "Going Abroad to Find a Baby" [SO-CHEV, Oct. 21] you identify the current work of our organization with the "new opposition to cross-border adoption." On the contrary, the efforts of the Hague Conference on Private International Law are aimed at facilitating legitimate intercountry adoptions while protecting chil-

dren from such abuses as kidnapping and outright sale. Our new convention will provide greater legal certainty for adopting parents as well as for children.

*Georges A.L. Droz, Secretary-General
Hague Conference on
Private International Law
The Hague*

Correction

In its coverage of the B.C.C.I. banking scandals, TIME listed former Nicaraguan contra leader Adolfo Calero as one of the international figures who had accounts with B.C.C.I. [NATION, July 22; BUSINESS, July 29]. Although B.C.C.I. was used to transfer funds in the Iran-contra affair, Mr. Calero himself did not maintain an account with B.C.C.I. TIME regrets the error.

Move Over, Ann, Randall's the New Champ

Three controversial topics can always be counted on to draw mail from TIME readers: gun control, capital punishment and abortion. So it was no surprise that our Oct. 21 interview with pro-life activist Randall Terry inspired the passionate to pick up their pens. Still, who would have thought that Terry would draw more letters than any other Interview subject since we began running the section three years ago? As we go to press, we have received 350 letters about Terry, founder of the group Operation Rescue, which demonstrated outside Wichita, Kans., abortion clinics last summer. That number surpasses by 43 the previous No. 1 letter getter, Ann Landers. Terry may not want to brag about the response, though. By an overwhelming ratio of 10 to 1, readers rejected his views, labeling him "small-minded," "arrogant" and a "God-crazed moron," among other, less printable things.

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INTERVIEW

Assigning the Blame for a Young Man's Suicide

Deeply depressed, Adrian Adelman, 29, killed himself in September. **ETHEL ADELMAN**, the victim's mother, and her younger son **ALAN** claim that Adrian followed the instructions in the best-selling suicide manual **Final Exit**, and blame the book's author for their tragedy.

By BONNIE ANGELO

Q. Do you think Adrian would still be alive if he had not read *Final Exit*?

Ethel: Yes. I think he would still be here today if it weren't for this book.

Alan: He would still be suffering and suicidal, but the book certainly facilitated his death. This book took his life away.

Q. Why did Adrian turn to *Final Exit*?

Alan: He was 29. He had been suffering from major depression for seven months. As far as we know, he became a member of the Hemlock Society [a group co-founded by Derek Humphry that advocates the right of the terminally ill to take their own life] in July by sending them a check for \$25. They don't screen members.

Q. Why are you so angry at the book's author, Derek Humphry?

Alan: Because he published a book that we consider very dangerous.

Ethel: Some people want to kill themselves, but they can't find an easy way. Humphry outlines it step by step, even to fooling your doctors to get Seconal. This is why we're angry.

Alan: I'd call it a suicide cookbook. It tells you which drugs are most effective, which are least effective, how to combine drugs with alcohol, how to enhance the toxicity of certain drugs. It's very, very explicit.

Q. Had Adrian talked about or ever attempted suicide before?

Alan: Yes. I don't know if it was a very determined attempt. At times he spoke so morbidly we weren't sure whether he actually tried something or not.

But we did not ignore it at all. He announced his intention to do it, and we did our very best to talk him out of it, to reason with him, to show him that that was the



Louisa Murray

was eating a sandwich when a bowling ball fell off a ledge three stories above and hit her in the head. Doctors gave her a one in a million chance, but she fought back and last spring graduated from college. The ball did leave "a little dent" in her head. Louisa is wearing a striking Timex women's fashion watch. It costs about \$50.

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INTERVIEW

wrong way to alleviate his pain, that it was, as his therapist called it, a permanent solution to a temporary problem—depression.

Q. How can you be sure that the book affected his actions?

Ethel: He talked about the book. He ordered it. When it came, we didn't give it to him. We hid it in the closet.

Alan: I read part of it, so we knew what it was about. He went out and purchased another one.

He followed the format in the book exactly. On page 81, the book says that if the survivors want to cover up the suicide, they can refuse an autopsy on religious grounds. Unless, of course, the state has a compelling reason to perform the autopsy, the wishes of the family will be respected.

Ethel: He left notes, like this one: "Do not under any circumstances permit an autopsy. It is against Jewish law." And this kid didn't know the first thing about Jewish law, because we're not that religious.

Alan: On page 88, the book tells you what letters to write, gives you a format to use, instructs you to prepare and leave a copy of your living will and to appoint a power of attorney for health care. He did it all.

Ethel: It's in the book, and it's in its notes: "If I am discovered before I have stopped breathing, I forbid anyone, including doctors or paramedics, to attempt to revive me. If I am revived, I shall sue." He followed the format.

Alan: We thought he was being original.

Q. What did the toxicologist's report show?

Alan: He took Seconal—a lethal dose, far above a therapeutic dose—phenobarbital, codeine and alcohol. He was legally drunk. The book tells you to chase the pills down with vodka, and we found an open bottle of vodka in his apartment.

Phenobarbital, Seconal—I understood those because they're both barbiturates and powerful sleeping pills. But I couldn't understand why codeine. Then I found on page 110 that Jean Humphry, his first wife, died in 1975 within 50 minutes by taking a combination of Seconal and codeine. There it was. There's where Adrian got the idea.

Ethel: The book also tells you to take a Dramamine first so that you don't become nauseated and throw up. He took that too.

Q. Any other links?

Alan: The book instructs you how to trick the doctor to get drugs strong enough for suicide. Adrian went to three doctors. We've reconstructed this through his bills.

Ethel: Our family doctor told us that he gave him 30 Seconals. He couldn't believe that this boy was depressed. Adrian said, "I have insomnia." He lied. He fooled a lot of people.

Alan: The book also tells you to put a plastic bag over your head after you take the pills, and he did this as well.

Q. Could you say exactly what happened over Labor Day weekend?

Alan: On Sunday night, Sept. 1, my sister and her husband went to Adrian's apartment, to bring him to our place for dinner. They found him lying in his hallway with a plastic bag over his head.

The police went through the apartment, found his prescription drugs and found a copy of *Final Exit* in his raincoat pocket in the closet.

Q. Have you communicated your concern to Derek Humphry?

Alan: No, I have not.

Q. Why not?

Alan: I honestly don't think he cares. He is indifferent to who might read it.

Q. Do you think assisted suicide or euthanasia is ever acceptable?

Alan: Under certain circumstances. If people are terminally ill, yes, they have a right to do it. But I think if they're determined to make that decision, they can go out and do the research on their own. They don't need the Hemlock Society.

Ethel: I don't know. I feel that if you're racked with pain, I don't think you're in your right mind to make a decision like this, to take your own life. When people become depressed, they can't always tell right from wrong. This was not the same Adrian anymore.

Alan: It is possible that you're no longer competent enough to make that kind of decision. But my view regarding the right of a terminally ill person to commit suicide does not change my belief that publishing a book like this is reckless and negligent. The dangerous thing about the book is that it falls into the hands of teenagers and clinically depressed people.

Q. Would you, if you had had the power, have prohibited publication?

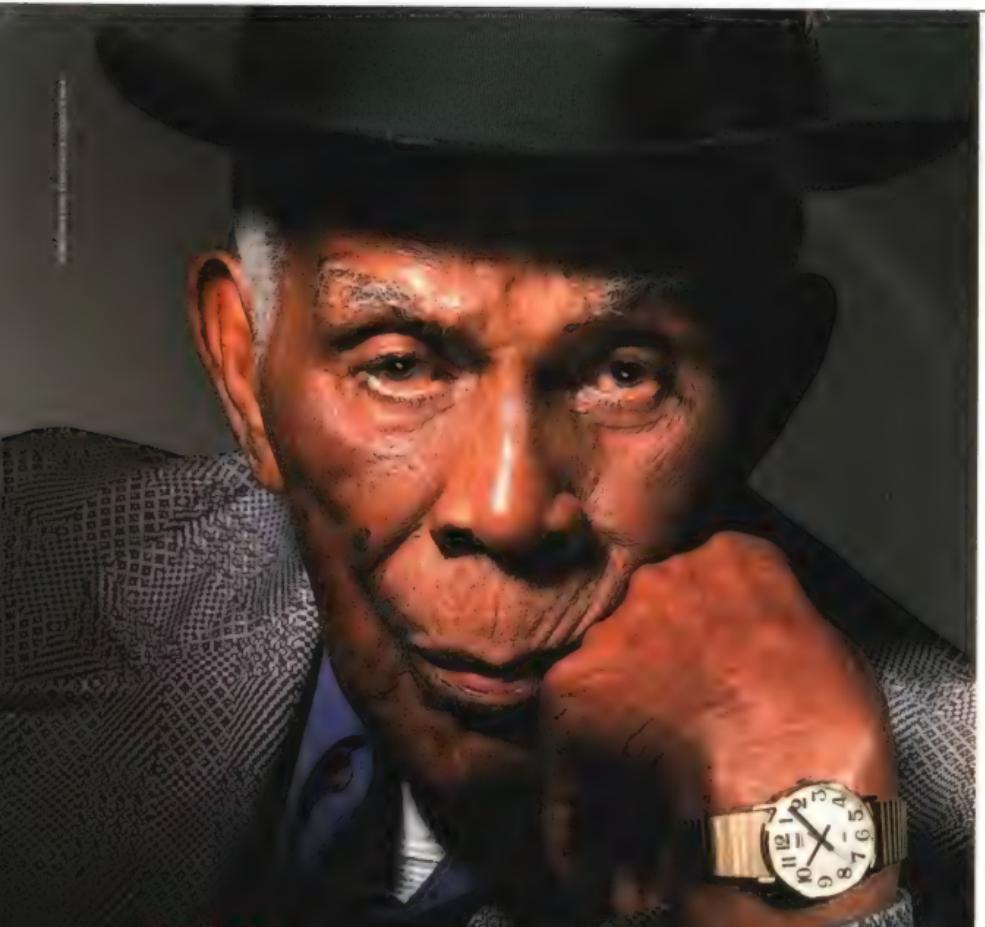
Alan: Absolutely. Or regulated it in some way.

Q. How do you square that with the First Amendment?

Alan: Since I think the book is dangerous, I think this information that he so carefully researched and packaged could have been communicated, distributed, in a different way.

If people want to go to the Hemlock Society and sit down with a representative face to face, and tell him that they're dying, he could give them information right there on the spot. There's a difference between someone going to the Hemlock Society and just putting the book on the shelves in a bookstore.

Q. Humphry says that "suicide for reasons of depression has never been part of the credo of the Hemlock Society."



Willie Duberry, age 121, was born five years after the end of the Civil War. His closest brush with death was a while ago—in the trenches in World War I. He credits quitting smoking and drinking with adding a few years to his life. Then again, his sister lived to 115. Willie is wearing our Easy Reader® watch. It's easier to see the numbers. It costs about \$35.

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INTERVIEW

Alan: The only warning I found was on page 123, listed under the heading of "Advice," not warning. It says, "This information is meant for consideration only by a mature adult who is dying . . ."

Even if he thought his words under the heading of "Advice" constituted a plea, isn't page 123 a little too late, after he already outlined dozens of methods of suicide? If there was a warning, it should have been placed at the beginning of the book. He's not telling depressed people not to use the methodology in the book. I don't find it to be a warning at all.

Q. Adrian's therapist was dealing directly with his suicidal talk?

Alan: This is important. His therapist thinks he had a chance. Although there's no way to measure something like this, she thinks there was a shift away from his suicidal impulses. But, she said, once he got that book, we lost him. The book gave him confidence.

He became obsessed with the book. It showed him the way. He wanted it to be a nonpainful way. The book was clearly the answer to his dilemma of how to commit suicide without feeling any pain. He said he would never shoot himself or do anything like that.

Everybody tried to help him; but when he got his hands on the book, he was no longer interested in psychiatric help or therapy.

Ethel: He said it's not easy to kill yourself. This made it easy.

Q. Why do you think *Final Exit* is on the best-seller list? More than 500,000 copies have been sold since mid-July.

Alan: There are a lot of terminally ill people in the country. But there are as many, if not more, clinically depressed people—people who are not terminally ill, who are just unhappy, just can't cope, who find the book fascinating.

Ethel: And what about 16-year-olds? Suicide is a problem among teenagers.

Alan: Why did he put the book where minors could get their hands on it? They don't let minors buy cigarettes. And he knew it would fall into the hands of depressed people. Why didn't he regulate the distribution? That's why I strongly believe he's not concerned at all with whose hands the book falls into.

While I don't object to euthanasia, his way of expressing his beliefs and disseminating the information is reckless.

Q. Does the book suggest ways to avoid rescue?

Alan: It advises you to make sure you have absolute privacy for up to eight hours. Friday or Saturday night is usually the quietest time. They don't want you to be discovered.

Ethel: Like Labor Day weekend . . .

Milestones

ENGAGED. David Bowie, 44, stylish British singer-songwriter; and **Iman**, 35, willowy supermodel turned actress from Somalia; in Paris. Bowie, known for his many theatrical personae, has recently retreated from his earlier guises to emerge as just plain David Bowie, a member of the band Tin Machine. Iman will act in *Star Trek VI*, scheduled for December release.

DIED. **Yves Montand**, 70, durable French entertainer who in later life achieved international film stardom; of a stroke; in Senlis, France. The Italian-born Montand gained fame as a singer and protégé of his lover Edith Piaf, with whom he appeared in his first film (*Star Without Light*). He also co-starred with Marilyn Monroe (*Let's Make Love*) and Simone Signoret (*The Crucible*), his real-life wife for 34 often tempestuous years. A longtime left-wing activist who later moderated some of his views, Montand played an antifascist maverick in *Costa-Gavras' Z* and won highest acclaim for his role as a scheming peasant in Claude Berri's two-part film adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's *Jean de Florette* and *Maman of the Spring*. At 67 he became a father for the first time with the birth of his son by companion Carole Amiel.

DIED. **Gene Tierney**, 70, Brooklyn-born debutante and Hollywood movie queen, who received an Oscar nomination for *Leave Her to Heaven*; of emphysema; in Houston. Best known for her role in *Laura*, Tierney starred in more than 35 movies with such leading men as Tyrone Power, Clark Gable and Henry Fonda.

DIED. **Irwin Allen**, 75, Hollywood disaster-movie mogul who produced big-name, big-budget films including *The Poseidon Adventure* and *The Towering Inferno*; in Santa Monica, Calif. Dubbed the "master of disaster" because of his 1970s hits about high-rise fires, sinking cruise ships and killer bees, Allen was also noted for sci-fi and fantasy works, such as the film and TV series *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and the TV series *Lost in Space*.

DIED. **Fred MacMurray**, 83, television's quintessential father figure; in Santa Monica, Calif. Adept at comedy and drama, MacMurray had a stage, film and TV career that spanned five decades. Although he usually played the proverbial good guy in his more than 80 films, MacMurray's most memorable roles went against type: a crooked insurance agent in *Double Indemnity* (1944), a cowardly, ambitious Navy lieutenant in *The Caine Mutiny* (1954) and a philandering husband in *The Apartment* (1960). But his affable image served MacMurray well in several Disney movies and in the role of the widower-father Steve Douglas in TV's *My Three Sons*.



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CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS. Compiled by Linda Williams

TELEVISION



BACKFIELD IN MOTION (ABC, Nov. 13, 9 p.m. EST). Roseanne and Tom Arnold, TV's terror couple, make a surprisingly appealing pair in this movie about a single mother who tackles male chauvinism in suburbia by organizing a mother-son football game.

BLACK OR WHITE (Fox, Nov. 14, 8:30 p.m. EST). Michael Jackson's new video—the first from his latest album, *Dangerous*—has its broadcast-TV premiere following an episode of *The Simpsons*. Bart himself co-stars in the 11-minute film, directed by John Landis. (*Thriller*.)

G-MEN—THE RISE OF J. EDGAR HOOVER (PBS, Nov. 18,

9 p.m. on most stations). The controversial former FBI chief gets a grilling in this *American Experience* documentary.



MOVIES

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VERO NIQUE. Krzysztof Kieslowski's mood piece about two young women—one Polish, the other Parisian—is both emotionally opaque and theatrically radiant, for it showcases a beautiful star in the making, Irene Jacob. She won Cannes' Best Actress prize this year; may she illuminate movie screens for decades to come.

CAPE FEAR. Martin Scorsese, the world's top picturemaker, revamps the 1962 Robert Mitchum sicko thriller. This time Robert De Niro (never more

cruddily galvanizing) is the ex-con with a death wish for the man who put him behind bars (Nick Nolte) and his family. Chills, laughs and a climax that hits like a hurricane of hysteria.

OVERSEAS. Three French women in postwar North Africa wait for their hearts to tumble and the colonial empire to crumble. This essay in sisterhood marks an assured debut from actress-director Brigitte Rouan. But the big news is Marianne Basler, a stunner, as the most restless of the sisters.



BOOKS

WARRIOR STATESMAN: THE LIFE OF MOSHE DAYAN by Robert Slater (St. Martin's Press: \$27.95). Dayan, Israel's most controversial political and military figure, successfully led his country in the 1967 Six-Day War. In the first full-length biography of Dayan, Slater, who

is a reporter for TIME's Jerusalem bureau, contends that Dayan's decision to keep Israel in the West Bank and Gaza Strip led to the hard-line, right-wing policies of the Shimon government.

AMAZONIA by Loren McIntyre (Sierra Club Books: \$40). This large-format portfolio captures the riches of the vast Amazon Basin, from the white-water region of the western Andes to the black waters of the Rio Negro system, on to the blue of the south, and finally to the brown Amazon mainstream. A dazzling record of an ecological treasure that is fast being destroyed.

THEATER



PARK YOUR CAR IN HARVARD YARD. Israel Horovitz's Broadway play is sentimental, meandering and too full of coincidence, but



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Jason Robards and Judith Ivey make the most of encounters between a dying high school teacher and one of countless students he flunked instead of inspiring to do better.

BEGGARS IN THE HOUSE OF PLENTY. The family is as quarrelsome as in *Moonstruck*, but this time John Patrick Shanley views the combat unforgivingly. His own off-Broadway staging is stylized and energetic. The role based on him is convincingly played by Loren Dean, star of the current film *Billy Bathgate*.



MUSIC

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE: WELD (Reprise). A woolly, rambunctious and altogether dynamic two-CD concert set by this manic troubadour and his nail-spitting band. Young standards like *Cortez the*

Killer and the great *Powderfinger* sound reborn. Also available with a third CD, *Arc*, which is mostly wild guitar mangling guaranteed to make your back fillings drop out.

THE SMITHREENS: BLOW UP (Capitol). If you thought goatees and guitar-anchored bar rock were passé, you're wrong. This Boston quartet keeps its arrangements straight up and simple, wrapping gravely power chords around tasty little pop hooks.

SHOSTAKOVITCH: THE COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS, SIX VOLUMES (ESS.A.Y Recordings). The first of these extraordinary quartets was composed in 1938, the 15th in 1974, shortly before the composer's death. Their moods vary widely, ranging from caustic to ambivalent, charming to introspective, philosophical to elegiac. The Manhattan String Quartet blends understanding, cohesion and sharpness to convey the breadth and brilliance of these involving works.



ETCETERA

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ed to the memory of the Newark girl who became one of the world's greatest jazz vocalists. Artists include Sammy Price, Sir Roland Hanna, Joe Williams, Ron Carter, Carrie Smith, Abbey Lincoln, the Harper Brothers and Roy Harrowe. Through Nov. 17.

ATOMIC SWING

THE COMPLETE ROULETTE LIVE RECORDINGS OF COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (1959-1962) (Mosaic). Talk about positive fallout. The Basie band, which had lit up the '20s and '30s, spent the next two decades in swinging respectability before bursting out from under the long shadow of bebop in the late '50s. It was Big Bands' last big blast. The Basie boys were reinvigorated by fresh arrangements from the likes of Neal Hefti and Quincy Jones, dazzling solo work from the horn sections, and a new keyboard nimbleness from the Count himself. "The Atomic Band," they were called, and this magisterial eight-CD (or 12-LP) set packs a multimegaton payload: 133 prime live cuts, 108 of them never before released. There's no nostalgia in numbers like *Li'l Darlin'* or the Count's touchstone *April in Paris*, not a hint of the antique. This is jazz that burns on energy, spirit and inspiration, and swings on forever. (Available only by mail order from Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Conn., 06902; phone: (203) 327-7111.)



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CALIFORNIA GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO / Reported by Sidney Urquhart

GANG MEMBERS TAKE TO THE SEA

The U.S. Navy prides itself on its fighting spirit, but down in San Diego they've got a little too much. Some sailors have apparently been joining Southern California gangs, prompting Admiral Robert Kelly to order an investigation. Crews from rival warships have brawled. In August a sailor was wounded in a drive-by shooting at an enlisted men's club. The Navy has asked San Diego police for help in identifying gang members.



Sailors on parade in San Diego harbor

THE GUV'S PRESIDENTIAL HOPES HURT HIM AT HOME

Why did Governor **PETE WILSON** say he would "very likely" sign California's gay-rights bill, only to veto it five months later? Presidential ambition. Savvy politicos noted that as soon as Wilson won the close-fought gubernatorial campaign a year ago, he began setting his sights on a 1996 bid. But when the bill outlawing job discrimination against gays landed on Wilson's desk, top GOP strategists warned him that he would lose conservative support if he signed it. Maybe they were right. But because of his performance on this and other issues, recent polls show that Wilson's voter-approval ratings are the lowest of any California Governor in 25 years. By this time next year, Wilson may be running hard to recapture the statehouse instead of dreaming of the White House.



Protesting the veto in L.A.

JOHN SUNUNU MADE ME DO IT

You don't have to work in the White House to love perks. **CARL COVITZ**, California's new secretary of business, transportation and housing, has ordered up Highway Patrol drivers more than 40 times for personal trips, even asking them to shepherd his wife's luggage through Customs. During a parade honoring gulf war veterans, Covitz and his family used a state helicopter for an aerial review. He said he was studying traffic patterns.



LET'S JUST CHOP OFF THOSE CITIES

Inflamed by tax squabbles, water fights and rampant north-south snobbery, Californians who can't get along often talk about cutting the state in half. Usually they imagine a line midway, somewhere around Monterey. But Stan Statham, a Republican assemblyman from far-north Redding, wants more radical surgery. He would draw the border above Sacramento for a new 51st state called Northern California. But that would leave most of the state's economic hubs—including Los Angeles, San Francisco and Silicon Valley—in the new state to the south. Hey Stan, whose side are you on?



A parking lot for jets in the Mojave

THE DESERT TEEMS WITH ALUMINUM BIRDS

You think you've got parking problems? Try finding a place to stash a 747. Airline bankruptcies and declining passenger traffic have created a tangle of unused jetliners that can't be stored in overcrowded airports. USAir, British Airways, Delta and other carriers have parked nearly 100 of their 767s, 737s, MD-80s and other jets out in the Southern California desert at Mojave Airport. Cost: about \$200 a month.

FORWARD SPIN

CELEBRITY CUISINE Coppola makes wine, Lasorda pitches spaghetti sauce. Now Giorgio Armani is opening a trattoria in Costa Mesa, Calif. Watch for Danny DeVito's zabaglione.

UNWELCOME VISITORS Jerry Brown headed up to Washington State last month to campaign hard for the term-limitation proposal. But the locals, many of them irked by the outside pressure, firmly voted it down. It's an engraved invitation, Jerry: Stay home.

ON THE SET Last year it was *Mafia* movies. Next year comes a grittier crop of organized-crime films focused on Chicano street gangs in L.A. Films about Chinatown mobs like *The Ghost Shadows* can't be far behind. Keep your head down.

DIAL ANXIETY New area codes are triggering identity crises. One-time 415s in the east Bay Area feel disconnected as 510 holders. In L.A., former 213s in Beverly Hills suffer from *haut* insecurity with their new 310s. Look for a shift in real estate values.

PERSONALS It's enough to make you miss lines like "Come here often?" The newest cool come-on in the Southland is "I'm gonna treat you so well, I'm gonna wish you were me." Save money: buy a mirror.

GRIDLOCK CHIC Car phones no longer impress unless you have three lines. Honchos send faxes from the freeway. Watch for power wheels sporting satellite dishes.

ELECTIONS

Wake-Up Call



**6:40 A.M.
Wednesday**

At a sunrise press conference, Bush tried to put the vote in a good light

A Democratic upset in Pennsylvania and a nationwide revolt against incumbents send Bush a message: 1992 may not be so easy

By MICHAEL DUFFY

As voters across the country trooped to the polls last week, George Bush voted with his feet. He canceled a two-week swing through Asia, set for later this month, in the face of scathing complaints from Democrats about his lackluster handling of domestic affairs. The decision was draped in an unusually flimsy pretext: Bush said he needed to remain in Washington to "protect the American taxpayer" during the last days of the congressional session. Explained a more candid aide: "Given the choice between upsetting Americans and upsetting the Japanese, we'll take the latter every time."

Bush's expedient conversion to domestic priorities did not prevent voters in Pennsylvania's Senate race from sending him a chilling message. They demolished former Attorney General Richard Thornburgh, a Bush surrogate for whom the President campaigned actively, 55% to 45%, and elected liberal Democrat Harris Wofford, a campaign neophyte who had hammered away at the Administration's poor economic performance. The voters, Wofford declared, "are fed up and want action to get our economy off dead center

and get us moving out of this recession. It's time to take care of our own."

Elsewhere the message was mixed, but dissatisfaction with the status quo was the unifying theme. In Mississippi, Texas, New Jersey and Virginia, incumbents were washed out of office by a wave of antitax, antirecession, antigovernment sentiment. Though both parties posted gains as well as losses, the results reflected a sour, throw-the-hums-out mood that threatened of franchisees everywhere. Only Washington State seemed to buck that trend by turning down a ballot initiative that would have imposed strict term limits on the state's congressional delegation. But milder term-limitation measures applying to local officials were approved in Houston and Cincinnati, and at least a dozen states will consider variations next year.

At a bizarre 6:40 press conference the morning after the elections, Bush tried to put the best face on the results. "There is a message here for the Administration," he said, "and a message here for the U.S. Congress." He admonished the press not to "look at the part of the glass that is only half full." But the fact that he had called the sunrise gathering just before departing for the NATO summit in Rome suggested,

like his abrupt cancellation of the Asian tour, that the President was starting to worry about his political future. For the first time since his Desert Storm triumph last February, Bush's hammerlock on a second term seemed to be slipping.

Even the part of the Republican glass that was half full contained muddy water. In Mississippi businessman Kirk Fordice ousted Governor Ray Mabus, a progressive Democrat. But Fordice's anti-liberal, anti-quota, anti-welfare campaign had a strong racial undercurrent that could prove embarrassing to the national G.O.P.—especially since ex-Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke, running as a Republican, may well ride the same themes into the Louisiana Governor's mansion in this week's runoff.

Fearing that a Duke victory could discredit and divide their party, some of Bush's advisers urged the President to campaign for Democrat Edwin Edwards, a former Governor who was indicted twice on charges that he had conspired to rig state-hospital approvals while out of office. "You've got to put a stop to this now," said one leading G.O.P. official. "Duke is to Republicans what Jesse Jackson was to the Democrats ten years ago." Though he refused to stump for Edwards, Bush went so

far as to say he would vote for him if he were a Louisianian. Although the President had hedged his criticism of Duke at first, he described him last week as "an insincere charlatan" who "has a long record, an ugly record of racism and of bigotry that simply cannot be erased by the glib rhetoric of a political campaign."

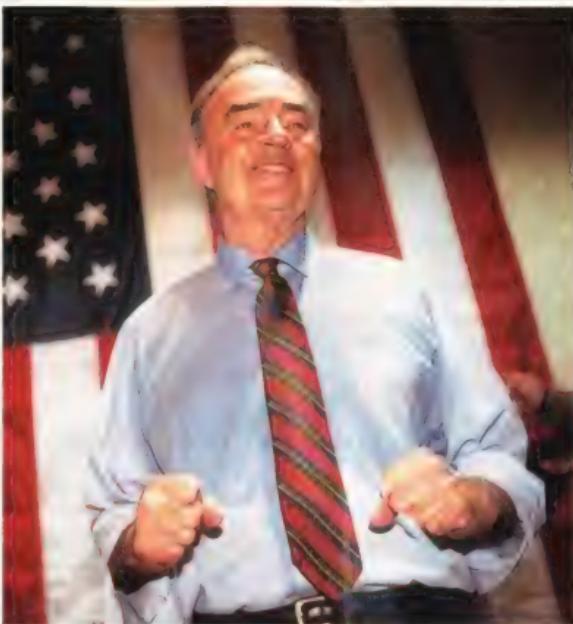
But nothing did more to shake Bush's complacency last week than the Pennsylvania outcome. Wofford, a former John F. Kennedy adviser, successfully turned the White House's inaction on health care and other domestic matters into a powerful Democratic issue. Appointed to fill the Senate seat vacated by the death of John Heinz in April, Wofford held his party's traditional blue-collar wards and reached deep into suburban Republican strongholds to erase a 46-point opinion-poll deficit and beat Thornburgh, a two-term former Governor.

Thornburgh, who exudes the aura of a man who hasn't got into a cold car in two decades, played right into his opponent's hands. He reveled in his Washington experience and boasted of returning to the "corridors of power." Paul Begala, Wofford's campaign manager, later quipped that Thornburgh's eagerness to identify with Washington was like "running on a pro-leprosy ticket at the time of Christ."

Wofford's most effective pitch was to convert the public's low-grade concern about affordable health care into a palpable anger over what the squeezed middle class is not getting from government. His stunning victory effectively ended the internal White House feud about whether to propose a health-care reform package before the 1992 election. Budget Director Richard Darman, who has backed such a plan for months to no avail, will now have wider berth to draft a Bush proposal.

In Congress, meanwhile, both parties were vying to seize the initiative on health care.

Tuesday Night
After the election in
Pennsylvania:
Democratic winner
Harris Wofford
campaigned for
national health
insurance and
against the
sputtering economy;
Dick Thornburgh
boasted of his
Washington clout—
and lost



Nineteen Republican Senators, headed by minority leader Bob Dole, proposed a package that would provide medical services to the 34 million uninsured Americans by offering them tax incentives to purchase private insurance. In the House more than 60 Democrats called for a Canadian-style system providing universal health care through a publicly administered program. Yet both parties must explain to voters how they plan to lower medical costs and provide quality care without raising taxes or increasing the deficit.

The most formidable threat to Bush's re-election chances remains the economy, which had begun to recover in July and August but sputtered again in September. Bush has recently attempted a precarious balancing act, acknowledging that "people are hurting" from the recession, while reassuring Americans that "this is a good time to buy a car." He has also sought to boost consumer confidence by calling on lawmakers to reduce the tax on capital gains—a political non-starter that unfairly favors the wealthy. The Democrats have countered with proposals for tax cuts that would mainly benefit the middle class, whose discontent was the only

common thread in last week's elections.

As Bush appeared increasingly vulnerable on key issues, the Democrats saw their 1992 prospects brighten. Many began to speculate about how Bush might actually be defeated. James Carville, the Louisiana consultant who engineered Wofford's Pennsylvania upset, insisted that the Democrats could turn Bush's habit of changing his mind to their advantage. "You can move him around real good," said Carville. "If I were running against him, I'd be like a mosquito in his face." Said Democratic pollster Geoff Gairin: "Just two months ago, a lot of us looked at 1992 as a positioning exercise for 1996. Now we're looking at next year as a chance to elect a President."

Many Democrats were looking to Albany, where New York Governor Mario Cuomo continued to play his tedious maybe-yes-maybe-no game. Cuomo's entrance, into the Democratic race would make him the instant front runner and draw increased attention to the six other contenders. But Cuomo cannot wait much longer: his indecision is becoming a lamentable liability in a contest for a job that requires far harder judgments than the one he's wrestling with now.

No matter who runs against him, Bush retains tremendous advantages. Though his approval ratings have dipped to 63%, they remain higher than Ronald Reagan's a year before his 1984 landslide re-elec-



tion. Polls also show that the Democratically controlled Congress, not Bush, still receives the largest share of the blame for the limping economy. More worrisome for the White House, however, are pollsters' findings that 57% of Americans believe the country is on the wrong track.

Bush's position seemed unassailable after Desert Storm. But popularity born of foreign crises has never been a guarantee of support once a country's attention turns inward. Consider the fates of Woodrow Wilson at the end of the First World War and Winston Churchill at the end of the

Second: within months of great triumph abroad, both men suffered stunning defeats at home. Nothing says such a reversal is inevitable, or even likely, for Bush. Nor does anything say it is impossible. —Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington and Elizabeth Taylor/Philadelphia

ELECTION NOTES



Whitmire: defeat after a decade



Mabus: one-term wonder boy



Corradini: first lady

Houston Ousts A Five-Term Incumbent

She calmly guided Houston through the oil bust and cleaned up the police force and reformed city government. But last week voters unceremoniously ejected Mayor Kathy Whitmire from office after 10 years. Land developer Bob Lanier and state representative Sylvester Turner placed first and second, respectively; they will meet in a runoff next month.

Residents were unwilling to support Whitmire's grandiose proposal to build a \$1 billion monorail system, and worried about street crime. Caught off balance by two strong opponents, she was unable to respond in a forceful and convincing manner.

year-old Harvard grad who vowed to fight racism and improve his state's decrepit public schools. But with his reform package thwarted by a stubborn legislature and the state economy sliding, Mississippi voters booted Mabus out in favor of Kirk Fordice, a Vicksburg building contractor who had never before sought political office. Fordice, 57, became Mississippi's first Republican Governor since Reconstruction largely by attacking Mabus for failing to deliver on his promises. But the Republican also played the oldest card in Southern politics, the racial resentments of whites, by frequently criticizing quotas and affirmative action and calling for welfare reform.

the campaign, where crime and pocketbook concerns prevailed. And Corradini worked so hard to keep the race nonpartisan that when state Republicans held their convention a few months ago, she set up a booth among them to attract support. The mayor-elect's female supporters couldn't help crowing a bit. Says Bonnie Miller, a Republican who crossed party lines to vote for Corradini: "The women of Salt Lake City feel a foot taller today."

An Old Card Trumps the New Politics

Democrat Ray Mabus was hailed as the new face of Mississippi politics when he was elected Governor in 1987—a 39-

Salt Lake City Breaks Several Barriers

Bucking its Mormon, conservative traditions last week, Salt Lake City made Deedee Corradini, a Lebanese-born Presbyterian, its first woman mayor. Corradini, who had never held office before, scored a 55% to 45% victory over Republican Dave Buhler, director of Utah's Department of Commerce. Gender was never an issue in

A Tax Backlash Jolts Jersey Legislators

Although his name did not appear on any ballot, New Jersey Governor Jim Florio was one of the week's biggest losers. Elected by a landslide two years ago, the tough-talking Democrat won praise for his willingness to use political capital to eliminate a \$600 million budget deficit and introduce \$2.8 billion in new state and income taxes. Florio believed increased spending on education and a soak-the-rich progressive tax structure would appeal to the middle class. Instead, outraged voters rejected his program.

Democrats lost 21 seats in

the assembly and 10 seats in the senate, providing the Republicans with veto-proof majorities in both houses. According to an election-eve poll, more than half of those questioned said Governor Florio's policies were the major issue in the campaign. Republican leaders immediately announced a rollback in the sales tax from 7% to 6%. But faced with a potential deficit next year, they are unwilling to make any additional promises.

BALLOT ISSUES



■ **Washington State.** Voters shied away from legalizing physician-assisted suicide.

■ **District of Columbia.** Residents voted 77% to 23% to hold makers of assault weapons accountable for the injuries those arms inflict.

■ **Texas.** The state instituted a lottery, which officials estimate will bring in some \$600 million annually.

■ **New Jersey.** Voters directed the legislature to pass a law codifying the rights of crime victims.

■ **Missouri.** A \$385 million boost in education spending, financed by new corporate, tobacco and sales taxes, was rejected 65% to 34%. Voters were unmoved by warnings that the school system could go bankrupt.

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

A Gathering of Eagles

A quarter-century of power: at the Reagan Library, five Presidents and six First Ladies rub shoulders in a re-created Oval Office

When the five former First Ladies and Barbara Bush walked slowly across the courtyard of the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library last week, someone watching interrupted the hush and whispered, "There are the real heroes."

Even in that special moment they bore the burden. Pat Nixon, who had just got out of the hospital, grew weak from sitting in the sun for an hour and a half and had to drop out from lunch. But before her husband took her to their hotel, she sat with an ice bag on her head and an unflinching smile and told Nancy Reagan not to worry. "I wasn't going to miss this. I wasn't going to miss this," she insisted.

Nor was America. It was the nation's profile, assembled on that singular shelf of California land. Men with rich memories from a quarter-century at the pinnacle of power came together to gently exaggerate their affection for one another and to welcome Reagan to full status, the selected library fraternity. Never before had five Presidents been on the same platform. There was a kind of sad joy on that parched hilltop 2,700 miles west of the real Oval Office. It was a perch of aging eagles. History made, history remembered, history fading.

Jerry Ford, 78, walked to his spot with the gimp's stride of a man who had one artificial knee and was about to get another. Suddenly the old Ford Administration political warriors in that audience of more than 4,000 could remember him striding through the snows of Vladivostok in borrowed overshoes, headed for a meeting with Leonid Brezhnev.

Nixon, 78, cradled Pat's arm, but sometimes he quavered as he moved slowly through the library. It was Al Haig, Nixon's chief of staff in 1974, who had lamented in a dim corner of the White House just a few days before Nixon was forced to resign, "He'll be dead in a year." But Nixon was too tough. And more than once in the \$56.8-million Reagan Library, the Nixon spark flared. He paused in front of Reagan's letter sweater from Eureka College. "I'm proud of you, Ron," said Nixon. "At least you got a football letter in college. I never did."

Reagan, 80, had a little more trouble hearing than his aides remembered. A couple of shouted questions puzzled him, and he leaned to Nancy for clarification. "Nothing," she said with a mischievous smile. "You can't answer." Mike Deaver, a Reagan friend and counselor for so long, looked on and mused, "Without a Nancy there never would have been a President Reagan."

Jimmy Carter, 67, just off the plane after monitoring elections in Zambia, still had a remarkable spring in his step. He even flashed a bit of humor that had not been much displayed when he was in the White House. "At least all of you have met a Democratic President," he said, turning to the four Republicans. "I've never had that honor yet." As for George Bush, 67, the man with the power, he did his best to hang back, trying somehow to obscure his special importance on that day designated for Reagan.

The five Presidents took the country through eight armed conflicts and four recessions, levied roughly \$12 trillion in taxes, spent \$15 trillion, saw the population grow by 45 million. Sounds like heavy lifting, but so far historians give none of these Presidents more than a rank of "average."

Strange how presidential libraries resemble their Presidents. Nixon's is kind of an upscale suburban building, its arms enfolding his restored but desperately humble birthplace in Yorba Linda, Calif. The Carter Center, which embraces several units for scholarship, seems almost reclusive, tucked into a neighborhood not far from Atlanta's downtown. Ford has his library at the University of Michigan, in a building that blends with the functional laboratories and classrooms.

Reagan's is a grand stage with spectacular vistas and sunsets. There will be 55 million documents for researchers who probe his eight years. For as long as he can, Reagan will come around to tell students what he tried to do when he gave up acting for politics. When all is over, he and Nancy will be buried in a stone vault that looks west to the ocean.

**HEALTH**

"It Can Happen to Anybody. Even Magic Johnson."

After testing positive for HIV, basketball's most beloved star retires and vows to become a spokesman in the battle against AIDS

By PICO IYER

For years he has been a walking—no, a running, jumping, slithering—suspension of disbelief. Not just on the basketball court, where he has all but remade the game and brought in a whole new dictionary to cover the moves that bear his monogram—the “no-look pass,” the “triple double,” the “coast to coast” drive. And not just in America, but from Bali to the Bahamas, where many kids wear his picture on their chests. Hundreds in Paris were calling out for “Ma-JEEK” when he went to play in France last month, and everyone was preparing for the unprecedented prospect of seeing him, the consummate professional, bring an amateur’s enthusiasm to the 1992 Olympics.

Even outside the world of sports, Mr. Showtime’s enormous smile and unquenchable grace have become almost ubiquitous—on music video shows, on billboards, at fund-raising dinners. For more than a decade, Earvin “Magic” Johnson Jr. has commanded the world of entertain-

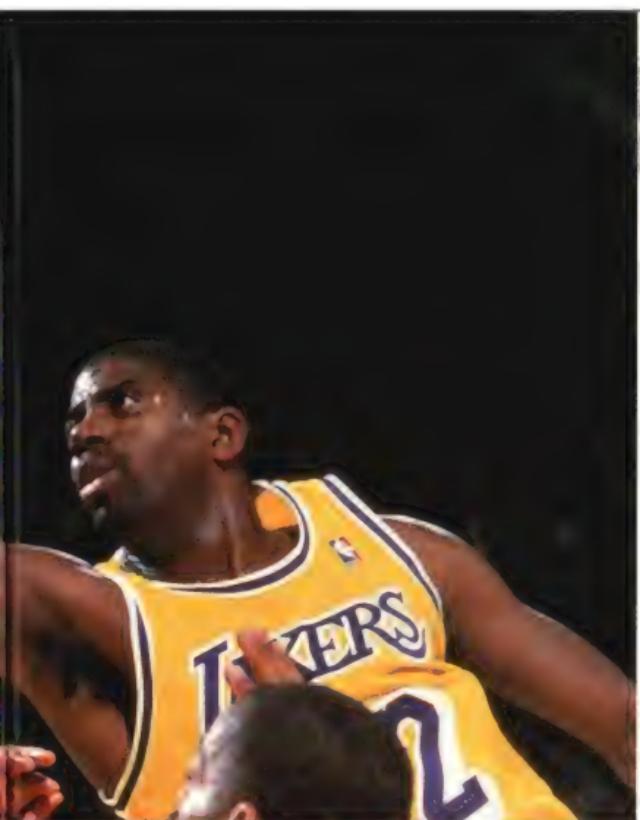
ment on the court and off with an irreplaceable blend of poise and surprise.

Last week, however, Magic delivered what was clearly his most serious shock. At a press conference on the ground he has made his own, the Great Western Forum, home to the Los Angeles Lakers, Johnson, 6-ft. 9-in. tall and 32 years old, at the top of his career, announced that he had been infected by the human immune-deficiency virus (HIV) that causes AIDS and would “have to retire from the Lakers today.” Although he has as yet no symptoms of AIDS, the man who had defied gravity, and belief, for so long would suddenly, overnight, vanish from the court. “I’m going to miss playing,” said Johnson, dry-eyed and missed as ever, “but my life is going to go on. I’m going to go on a happy man.”

The announcement left millions in a state of disbelief. It was not just a celebrity that was endangered by a life-threatening disease, but of all things an athlete whose strength and endurance had made him the most admired player in the world. “A situation like this just doesn’t make sense,” said

Kevin McHale, Johnson’s longtime rival from the Boston Celtics. “When you look at a big, healthy guy like Magic Johnson, you think this illness wouldn’t attack someone like him. But it did.” Many others were sobered at the thought that if even the most enchanted and mobile of bodies was vulnerable, it could, as Johnson pointed out, “happen to anybody.” Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the thoughtful, soft-spoken 7-ft. 2-in. giant of the game, simply broke down and wept.

Yet Johnson’s characteristic refusal to be cowed, even by AIDS, suggested that the star might, as so often before, alchemize disaster with his infectious hopefulness. He was, after all, not unusual in contracting the virus, but he seemed to recognize that he was in an unusual position to campaign for protection against it. Vowing to become a spokesman to educate people about AIDS, Johnson said he would use his plight to tell others that “safe sex is the way to go.” Just as his announcement, he began the process: calls to AIDS hot lines and testing centers more than doubled in most places the next day.



The virus has already claimed the young, the old, the famous: symbols of Hollywood like Rock Hudson, symbols of youth such as 18-year-old Ryan White, even symbols of athletic prowess like the All-Pro former Washington Redskin Jerry Smith. Yet Magic is perhaps the first celebrity to come out instantly to admit to his condition, and unprompted. And he is certainly the most famous: even people with no interest in basketball recognize his name and smile. In addition, because he would not discuss how he might have contracted the disease but only implied it was from heterosexual contact, he drove home the fact that anyone is vulnerable.

Johnson is also ideally placed to speak on AIDS to the two groups that are most in need of counsel: impoverished minority communities and the young. Though blacks represent only 12% of the nation's population, they account for 25% of the AIDS patients: more than half the women with AIDS in the U.S. are African American. Yet even many of the best-intended

AIDS-prevention programs have failed to speak the language of the groups that are most at risk. When Johnson made his announcement, it surely sent shudders deepest through locker rooms, high schools and inner-city homes across the country where teenagers idolize the smiling big man from Lansing, Mich., who managed to rise from a family of 12 to become a role model around the world. "Clearly this is tragic," said Norm Nickens, chairman of the National Minority AIDS Council. "But we couldn't ask for a better spokesman."

The Era of Magic could be said to have begun in 1979 with the first professional game Johnson won for the Lakers, which ended with his leaping into the arms of his startled and famously reserved teammate, Abdul-Jabbar. In the final game of the championship series that year, with Abdul-Jabbar injured, Johnson played all five positions, and somehow in his rookie season conjured a victory out of thin air. But even when the Most Valuable Player awards and championships became commonplace, and the miraculous expected, Johnson

worked overtime to transcend all expectation, developing a three-point shot that was lethal, practicing free throws till he became the best in the league. It was not simply his ability that made him a star but his determination as well to recast and expand that ability daily.

Thus Johnson became not only the most successful player in the game but also, and more important, the most popular, whose brilliance played a large part in making N.B.A. basketball one of the success stories of the decade with fans across five continents. He had an appeal that earlier, more complex stars of the game such as Bill Russell and Abdul-Jabbar could never match. Even Michael Jordan, his only serious rival in stature and skill, prompted a few grumbles and questions around the league as Johnson never did. Though Johnson has become famous for his eagerness to parlay his success into a show-biz career and a \$100 million business empire, he has also managed to exemplify the same winning unselfishness off court as on. Last year alone he raised \$2.65 million for charity and gave up part of his salary to help his team acquire another player.

Because of his almost universal popularity, Johnson's swift and brave admission also casts light upon many of the darker issues shadowing the world of sports. It is not so much that many of our heroes have clay feet as that they often use their heroism to advantage and then almost boast of their immunity from consequence. One of the greatest kings of basketball, Wilt Chamberlain, devotes an entire chapter in his recent autobiography to elaborating upon his carefully calculated claim that he has slept with 20,000 different women. Football's Jim Brown, formally charged with violence against women, was equally unapologetic in his memoir about totting up his sexual scores. Johnson's fellow Angeleno Steve Garvey had hardly ended his All-American career before it was revealed that he was seriously involved with at least two women other than his wife. No one would begin to suggest that Johnson should bear the blame for the ways many athletes abuse their status, but his tragedy does raise many searching questions about the immortality we expect of our sporting heroes.

Last week, however, the big man's characteristic calm helped temper, a little, the sadness of the occasion. While there is no reason to deify the player or accord him any more sympathy than that lent to the roughly 1 million others in the U.S. and millions elsewhere in the world who have been infected, there is ample reason to feel grateful for his courage and his sanity and to hope that somehow, with his dauntless smile, he might even give us something more to cheer about at the saddest moment of his life. —With reporting by Sally B. Donnelly/Los Angeles and Dick Thompson/Washington

World

BRITAIN

Death of A Tycoon

The sudden demise of Robert Maxwell clouds the future of the troubled empire he leaves behind. Can his sons hold it together?

By BARBARA RUDOLPH

When Robert Maxwell went over the side of his yacht off the Canary Islands, it was a death scene made to order for pulp publishing. He could have made millions with the tabloid rehash in his popular weeklies, the trash book and the movie and television rights. But without him to patch together such a deal, the ripples from his final fall threatened to sink some of the media empire he had built.

The imperious tycoon, decorated war hero and Holocaust survivor was last seen alive in the predawn light, pacing on the deck of his yacht, the *Lady Ghislaine*, as it cruised in the calm waters of the Atlantic. Only late in the morning, after a phone call to his stateroom went unanswered, was he reported missing. About six hours afterward, Maxwell's 6-ft., 2-in., 280-lb. body was found floating naked in the sea.

Did Maxwell, 68, commit suicide because he was distraught about the tangled affairs of his debt-laden companies? Was his death somehow related to his alleged links with Israeli intelligence? Only two weeks earlier, Seymour Hersh had alleged in his book *The Samson Option* that the billionaire maintained ties to Mossad. (Maxwell promptly sued for libel.) If he did indeed have a Mossad connection, did that give

someone a reason to have Maxwell killed? Other seemingly far-fetched speculation suggests a CIA connection. Or, alternatively, did a member of his crew, rumored to be occasional victims of his wrath, exact revenge?

Provisionally, the Spanish magistrate charged with investigating the death settled on the most innocent explanation: Maxwell died of natural causes, probably suffering a heart attack before he fell overboard. Since he was found floating (a drowned body normally takes about three days to surface), that theory is not without merit. Most likely, no one will ever know the full story behind Maxwell's death.

Without him, however, there can be no doubt that his far-flung corporate kingdom will never be the same. Maxwell's properties, which include Macmillan Publishers and the London-based *Daily Mirror* as well as printing plants, the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* and several professional soccer teams, are joined by a complex web of interlocking connections, all master-minded by Maxwell and Maxwell alone. "You've lost the torch majeure, the single persons that held it all together," says John Reidy, a New



The imperious tycoon, war hero and Holocaust survivor on his yacht

York City media analyst at Smith Barney.

Two of Maxwell's sons, Kevin, 32, and Ian, 35, were quickly named their father's successors. Kevin will take over the American arm of the Maxwell domain, Maxwell Communication Corp., and his brother will run the Mirror Group Newspapers in Britain. The young Maxwells face the same challenge that confronts most media barons these days: massive debt. No one outside the company, and not many inside it, knows precisely what Maxwell's debts are. That is because a number of his interests were privately held. The details of their loan arrangements thus remain safe from the scrutiny of public shareholders.

Moreover, many of the debts of the private firms were assumed by pledging as collateral shares in Maxwell's two publicly traded companies, Mirror Group Newspapers and Maxwell Communication. Mirror Group shares had been declining even before Maxwell died, and were off more than 30% between May and the suspension in trading that followed Maxwell's death. But because the Mirror Group remains solidly profitable, they bounced back 45% after trading resumed last week. All told, the Maxwell companies probably carry debts of \$3.9 billion. That figure was about 50% higher than many investors had assumed.

The exhilarations—and perils—of bold action were part of Maxwell's appetite from

MAXWELL'S EMPIRE

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Nimbus Records
Macmillan/McGraw-Hill School Publishing
Berlitz Int'l. (language schools: to be sold)
P.F. Collier (encyclopedias)

Mirror Group Newspapers

Daily Mirror and four other British newspapers
Sporting Life
Racing Times

Other Holdings

Daily News (newspaper)
European (newspaper)
AGB (market research)
Berliner Verlag (German newspaper publisher)
Magyar Hírlap (Hungarian newspaper)
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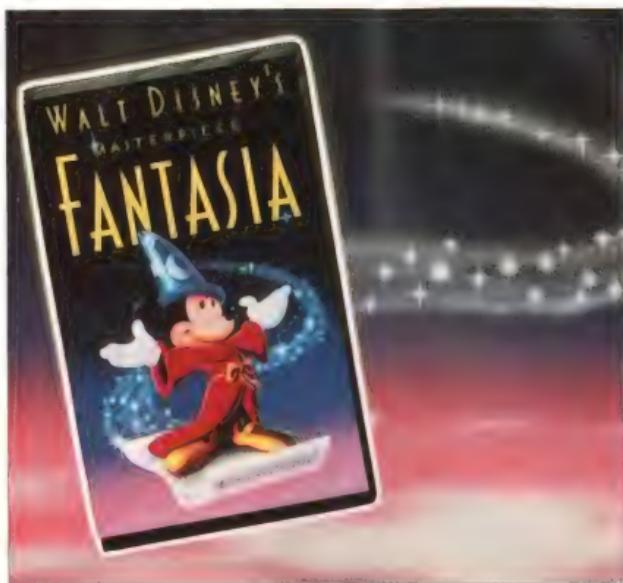
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the start. Born Jan Ludvik Hoch in the Czech village of Solotvino, he lost his parents and four siblings at Auschwitz. Having left for Budapest in 1939, he arrived in France early the following year and sailed to Liverpool a few months later. He won Britain's Military Cross in January 1945 for leading a platoon against a German defensive position. In London after the war, he launched Pergamon Press, a scientific publisher. In 1969 Maxwell lost the company in a scandal: he was charged with misrepresenting Pergamon's financial condition during a takeover battle. He recaptured the firm in 1974 and last March sold it to the Dutch publisher Elsevier for \$765 million.

Maxwell was a lifelong subscriber to Machiavelli's dictum that it is better to be feared than loved. David Adler, who was a Maxwell executive for three years, remembers being called on the carpet because he was unable to meet his master's plane at the airport. (He sent three limousines instead.) "Remember," Maxwell bellowed, "I am the most important person in your life!"

This year Maxwell's reputation spread from Wall Street to 42nd Street and the likes of New York City cabdrivers when he stepped in as the 11th-hour savior of the city's *Daily News*, whose workers were waging a draining strike against the paper's owners, the Tribune Co. Maxwell luxuriated in his role as an American media king, appearing in ads for the paper and putting on lavish spreads at Washington social functions. The new proprietor pocketed \$60 million in exchange for taking on the *News* and its debt, but the paper still loses money—between \$30 million and \$40 million a year, estimates John Morton, a newspaper analyst at Lynch, Jones & Ryan in Washington.

More than a few Maxwell assets are probably headed for the auction block. Within days of his death, Maxwell Communication agreed to sell a 56% stake in Berlitz International to Japan's Fukukake Publishing for \$265 million. But there is concern that the easy asset sales may all have been done, says Jeff Matthews of the New York City firm Rocker Partners, which has in the past sold short Maxwell stock. "Future sales might be distress sales," Matthews suggests.

Meanwhile, Maxwell watchers are keenly following the early performance of the younger generation. The sons are acting a lot like their father, some already observe. "In moments of greatest adversity, that's where they're the coolest; it's bred into the family," notes Donald Fruehling, who was a Macmillan executive and board member. "Maxwell's whole life was 'Never panic,'" Adler agrees. "The kids are living that legacy." That is not to say, however, that either Kevin or Ian will become another Robert Maxwell. There was only one of those.

With reporting by Helen Gibson/

London, Jane Walker/Madrid and Adam Zagoria/Brussels

THE PHILIPPINES

The War of the Widows

Cory Aquino lets Imelda Marcos come home to stand trial, but she is looking for political—not judicial—vindication

Never mind that she departed in ignominy aboard a U.S. Air Force jet. Forget that she is under indictment for looting her country. Imelda Marcos was determined to go home like a hero. And what Imelda wants, Imelda usually gets.

When she finally landed in Manila, however, few could forget the eerily similar event that triggered Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos' fall. Commando teams fanned out around her aircraft as it taxied to the gate, just as they had when opposition leader Benigno Aquino returned from exile eight years earlier. But instead of the fatal gunshots that greeted him, well-wishers surged

Swiss banks. Aquino also agreed to allow interment of the still unburied body of the late President Marcos in his home province. But Imelda insists on a hero's burial in Manila's national cemetery. She returned without the corpse—but in time to fulfill a six-month residency requirement for prospective presidential candidates.

Whether she chooses to run or not, her return signaled the unofficial start of the 1992 presidential campaign. "My role as First Lady was to bring out what was good and beautiful in the Filipino people," she said, "but I was perceived as Marie Antoinette." Aquino, claimed Imelda, "employs



The former First Lady is fingerprinted in connection with tax fraud charges

onto the plane to welcome the former First Lady. Under a plan worked out by the Philippine national police and a coterie of retired Marcos loyalists, Imelda was escorted to a holding room for immigration and customs checks—then a quick getaway.

But Imelda, being Imelda, refused to abide by the plan to join her motorcade in a safely cleared area behind the terminal. Instead, she insisted on leaving through the arrival lobby in full view of the press and supporters. After two hours of frantic calls to the Malacahang Palace, President Corazon Aquino's executive secretary instructed police to let Imelda have her way.

A trivial victory, but Imelda watchers were already keeping score in what Manila's press has dubbed the "war of the widows." Aquino had conceded the first point by reversing her ban on Marcos' return after a Swiss judge ruled that the former First Lady must be found guilty in a Philippine court before the government could hope to recoup an estimated \$350 million in "ill-gotten wealth" from frozen Marcos accounts in

16 world-known public relations firms to package her." Most analysts do not underestimate Imelda's influence on a citizenry that is disillusioned with the democratic government that displaced the dictatorship.

Still, her status and the electoral environment have changed during the past six years. Unfettered critical media have replaced the "crony press." She is no longer the wife of an all-powerful President, and is possibly a criminal to boot—as she was reminded last week when she appeared in the Quezon City courthouse to post bail and undergo fingerprinting on tax fraud charges. Some unexpected events could also hurt an Imelda candidacy. The devastating typhoon that struck her native province of Leyte last week has triggered widespread anxiety about the country's dynastic political system among the superstitious masses. People say that the two widows are responsible for all the natural disasters—and that only when they reconcile will the devastation end.

—By Sandra Burton.
With reporting by Nelly Sindayen/Manila

When's the last car chase that



It was as if a starter's gun had been fired.

The year was 1976, and the Honda Accord arrived much to the delight of America's drivers and critics. And much to the dismay of other automotive designers and engineers.

After all, this was a car with a totally different interpretation of efficiency, comfort and performance. An automobile so thoughtful, practical and complete in its design, the competition had no other choice than to follow in its tracks.

Now, more than a decade and a half later, the Accord continues to perform an amazing feat. Each year, it somehow improves.

For instance, the interior. It's surprisingly large, and amazingly quiet. Which



makes it more comfortable than you ever imagined. You'll notice it when you're in the firm, contoured seats. When you slide open the power moonroof. And when you ride silently over bumps and through dips.

The refinements underneath the hood have been equally dramatic. A fuel-injected, 140-horsepower engine gives the Accord more power than ever before. And the 4-wheel double wishbone suspension translates into tremendously ag-

the last time you saw a car last so long?

handling. The result is truly amazing. You can respond confidently to virtually any driving situation you might encounter.

This car also excels in safety. A driver's side airbag is now standard. Along with a sophisticated anti-lock braking system to help you control the car on rain-slick surfaces. You can actually steer the car while braking.

The body is also quite enviable. The lines are clean and smooth. The fit and finish are consistently excellent.

Not surprisingly, workmanship like this has produced a bounty of rewards. The Accord has been the best-selling car in the U.S. for the past two years. And it consistently appears on all the "top 10" lists for cars in its category.



Considering all these facts, one comes to a rather obvious conclusion. The Accord has always been, and continues to be, a true industry standard. The car by which all others in its class are measured and judged.

And while the competition remains relentless in their quest to catch us, we remain dedicated to building a car that's a few years ahead of them. Which means this chase might be just getting started, after all. The Accord EX. **HONDA**

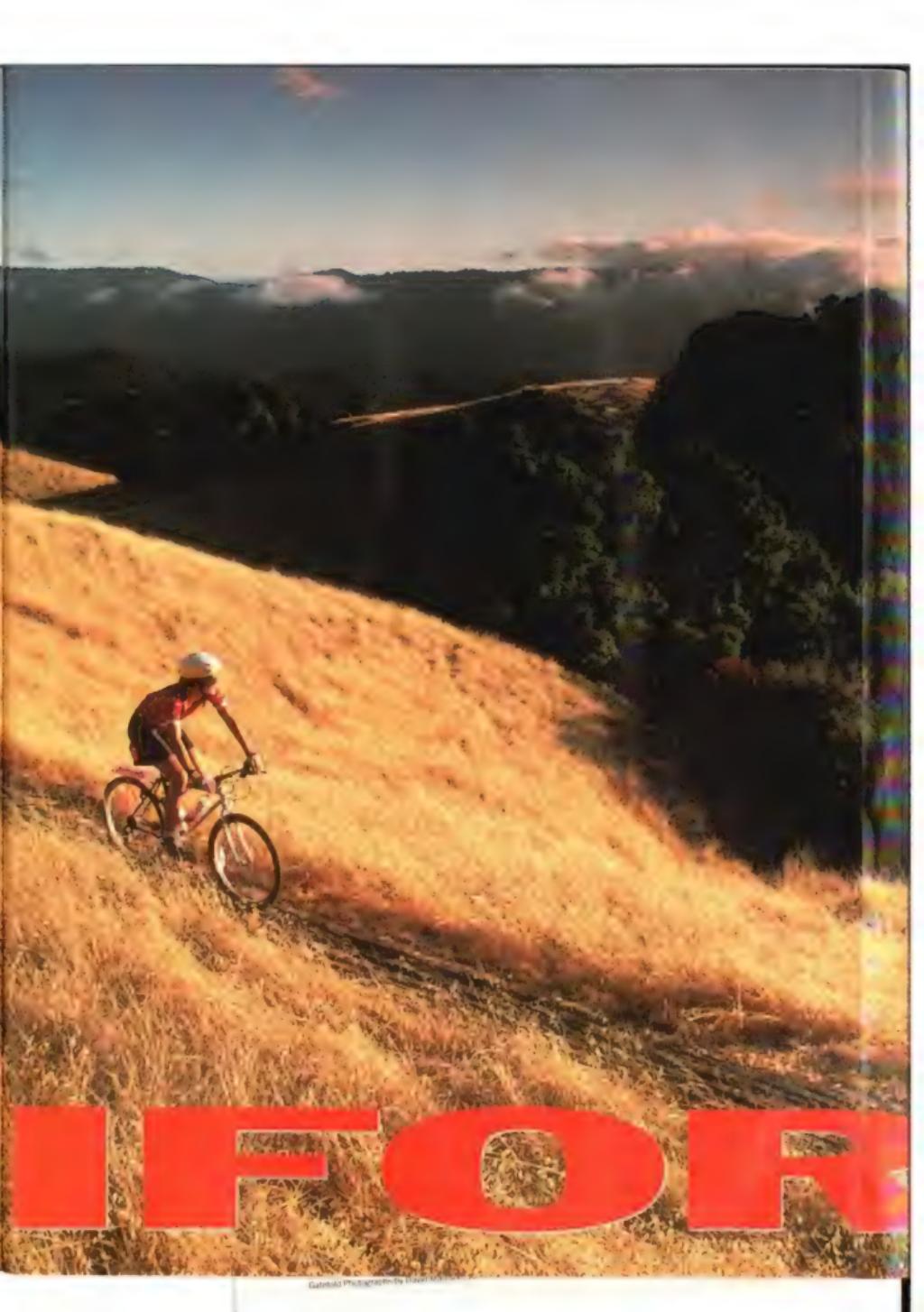


SPECIAL ISSUE

IT IS STILL
AMERICA'S
PROMISED LAND—
A PLACE OF
HEART-STOPPING
BEAUTY,
SPECTACULAR
ENERGY AND
STUNNING
DIVERSITY.
BUT FACED WITH
DROUGHT,
MINDLESS GROWTH
AND A SPUTTERING
ECONOMY,
CAN IT PRESERVE
THE DREAM?

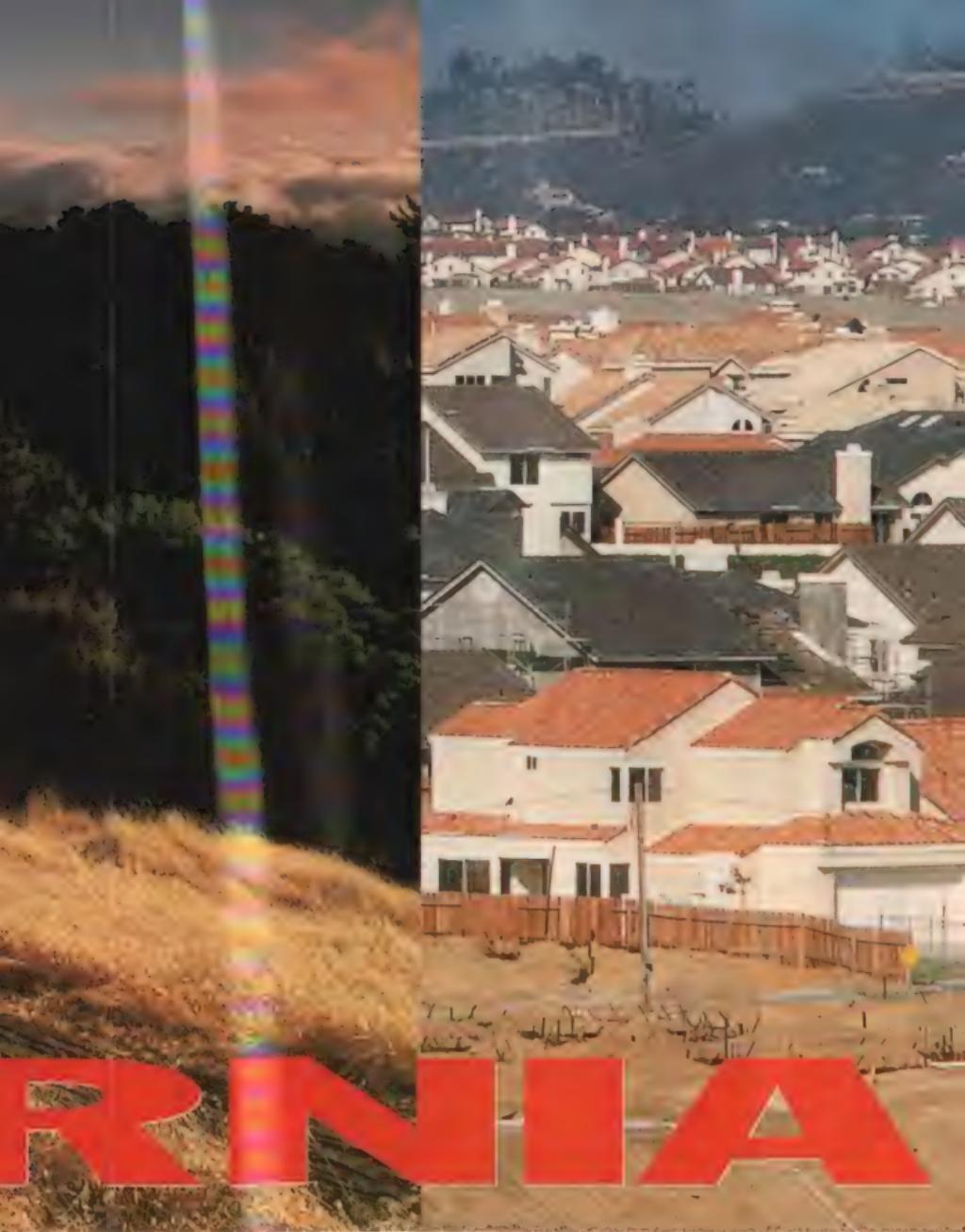


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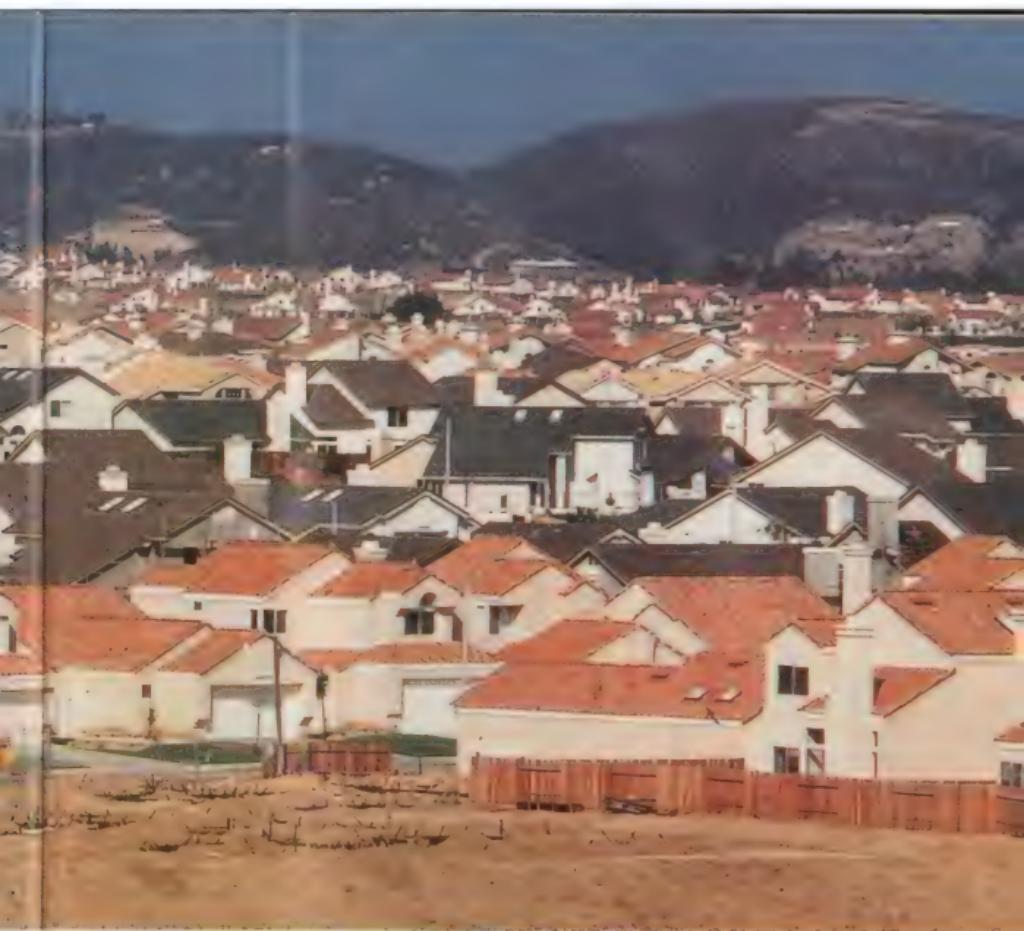
If America is the land where the world goes in search of miracles and redemption, California is the land where Americans go. It is America's America, the symbol of raw hope and brave (even foolish) invention, where ancient traditions and inhibitions are abandoned at the border. Its peculiar culture squirts out—on film and menus and pages and television beams—the trends and tastes that sweep the rest of the country, and then the rest of the world. If California broke off and dissolved in salt water, America would lose its seasoning.

And so the rough awakening is more painful as California confronts the crum-



ling of its cities, the clashing of its citizens, the glaring challenge to its assumption of uniqueness and special promise—in short, the possible implosion of its dream. California's woes suit the scale of its mythology; when things go wrong there, they go deeply, harshly, frighteningly wrong. The crimes seem more vicious, the smog more choking, the sorrow more sorrowful in the light of fluorescent disillusionment. The mad, fit joggers must run at night if they hope to breathe freely, and in some areas a television glowing dimly through a window can become a target for a drive-by shooter. In Northern California's ancient forests, loggers fell trees that sprouted 10 centuries ago, and elsewhere in

the state the sun houses o lems are resident the larg geles ha other ci



the state, some rural neighborhoods are raising their taxes to buy the surrounding hills before they too are buried beneath the tract houses of yet another tacky instant city. California's myriad of prob-

lems are measured in superlatives: the state has more convicts than Tallahassee has residents; the \$14 billion budget deficit California wrestled with this year was by far the largest ever faced by any state. Ethnicity comes in mind-boggling variety: Los Angeles has more Mexicans than any other city but Mexico City, more Koreans than any other city outside Seoul, more Filipinos than any other city outside the Philippines,

A new housing tract sprawls across hills 60 miles southeast of Los Angeles; overleaf, biking in the Santa Cruz mountains



Watching a street performer in Venice: a brave new encampment of the world's genes

and, some experts claim, more Druze than any other place but Lebanon.

The classic formula says California, the richest and most populous state, is the future. California is America's bright, strange cultural outrider: whatever happens now in California, or to California, will be happening to America before long, and to the entire world a little while after that. If you want to know whether America still works, then ask whether California still works. Does the reckless American hospitality to immigrants still accomplish its transformations and synergies? Can America still absorb so many disparate values and traditions and form them into a successful society? Or will the nation vanish into an incoherent future? Consult California.

In *Los Angeles: Capital of the Third World*, David Rieff says the U.S. has "stopped being an extension of Europe, and has, for better or worse, struck out on its own, an increasingly nonwhite country adrift, however majestically and powerfully, in an increasingly nonwhite world." Per-

haps, Native Americans inhabited California before the European-Americans arrived, and the white civilization could prove evanescent. Maybe white Americans are simply redrawing their absolute perspectives. What the TV weather forecasters in Los Angeles call the "southland" is El Norte to Latin Americans. America's Far West is Japan's Far East.

California has always functioned in the American imagination as a sort of floating state of mind, a golden land unanchored in tradition or guilt. A fresh start: no corpse of the past, no tragedy. Gravity feels different in California—life there sometimes has the weightlessness of a dream. What feels morally heavy Back East may dissolve into inconsequence in the delicious sunshine off Monterey. A State Department analyst may move to Huntington Beach and with intense focus take up competitive Frisbee. Recreation has the significance in California of a big idea.

Other states have identities. California has a metaphysic. Americans do not refer to the Pennsylvania Dream or the Missouri

Dream. California has always been an immaterial, shimmering thing in the imagination, the golden exception, the California Dream. California is where the Europeans' westward trajectory ended. Americans become metaphysical about the place because when they run out of continent, they start to review the entire national experience and try to add up its meaning.

The world may come to California thinking it is a magnificent playground, which it is. "Eureka," says the state's motto: "I have found it." Gold is the color of the Forty-Niners' wealth and of white skin set to glowing in the California sun. But nature may object to the uses to which it is put. The hills may go off like a fire bomb, as they did in Oakland a few weeks ago. Or the solid earth may abruptly rumble and break in devastating earthquakes.

A few weeks ago, the environmental artist Christo, wrapper of sea-coasts, had 1,760 giant umbrellas implanted and opened in the bald, dun landscape of the Tejon Pass in the Tehachapi Mountains north of Los Angeles (1,340 more were simultaneously opened in Japan). The art seemed very California, surreal, whimsical, harmlessly airheaded, vaguely haunting—the umbrellas disconnected from practical function and somehow mocking the grand scenery: a conceptual joke. But then high winds rose. By a kind of sinister telekinesis, one of the giant umbrellas lifted out of the earth, flew across the landscape and crushed a woman to death.

There are many Californias. Northern and Southern California, split from each other by the mountains east of Santa Barbara, are the notorious yin and yang, Hatfields and McCoys, of California geography and culture. But the state is dividing and subdividing now along a thousand new fault lines of language and identity. Perhaps anticipating a pattern elsewhere in the world (the former Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, possibly fracturing Canada?), the cultures of California seem to fragment into their constituent parts.

Los Angeles, for example, is one of the most segregated cities in the world—a horizontal automobile culture sectioned off into a patchwork of ethnic and racial enclaves, all almost self-sufficient, inward turning and immobile. The middle- and upper-middle-class whites of West Los Angeles, of Holly-

wood and Beverly Hills and Westwood and Brentwood and Bel-Air, drift dreamily along in the illusion that the society still belongs to them. In important ways, it does, of course. But out across the city grids lie Koreatown and Chinatown; and Watts, for so long a black enclave, is changing into a barrio. Up north on the Berkeley campus, Sproul plaza has a line of desks arrayed for the recruitment of Armenian students, South Asian students, Japanese-American students, Vietnamese students, Thai students, multicultural gay and lesbian students, Korean-American students, Native American students. And so on.

O. Henry once observed that Californians are not merely inhabitants of a state; they are a race of people. But at this moment of blinding change, Californians are defined by their differences, and their uncertainties. The Japanese quarrel with the Koreans, the blacks and Anglos with each other, and with the Mexicans, and with all the other new immigrants flocking in from everywhere. How can all these quarrels be sorted out when

A magnificent playground where recreation has the significance of a big idea: rollerblading at Venice Beach; leaping across the rocks at Joshua Tree National Monument; cutting through the surf off Santa Monica



the economy is faltering, wildfires rage, water is scarce and the very ground beneath your feet trembles and threatens to fall away? The whole world would be wise to pay close attention to the drama of incipient decline and resistance now unfolding in California, for the future that begins there tends to spread across the world. ■



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BY JORDAN BONFANTE

THE ENDANGERED DREAM



Sight at the end of the tunnel: reaching the Golden Gate Bridge is a bumper-to-bumper ordeal for commuters from Marin County

The contours of California's endangered dream reach north to Seattle, where Dr. Bill Portuese, 32, a facial plastic surgeon, moved in July because "there is no way I was going to raise a family in Beverly Hills."

And to the foot of Mount Hood in Oregon, where Lila Foggia, 44, a former Hollywood studio vice president, now fishes for steelhead outside her family's forest-shaded house on the bank of the Salmon River and exults, "God, I love living among normal people."

And to La Jolla near San Diego, where Bennett Greenwald, 49, a developer who runs his own \$50 million company in the depressed commercial-property business, is thinking about pulling up stakes and starting over in Arizona "because I'm not sure I can continue to operate in California."

If Greenwald goes, he will join the 510,000 others who left—they might say escaped from—California in the past 12 months. That exodus is still smaller than the continuing migration to California from other states of about 570,000 a year. But it

The land of golden opportunity is becoming a land of broken promises



qualities that have lured millions to California for 50 years are threatening to disappear.

For something as ephemeral as a dream, Californians have always had a fairly exact fix on what theirs consisted of: economic opportunity; the freedom to jump in a car and drive to the beach or mountains; and, perhaps most important of all, what economist Steven Thompson, director of the Assembly Office of Research in Sacramento, describes as "a little house in the suburbs with a barbecue and—if you make it—a swimming pool." But these days, from Chico in the north to Chula Vista in the south, Californians are anxiously debating whether that straightforward dream can be attained or should even be pursued.

Optimists, in which the state traditionally abounds, brush off the gloomy predictions. They point to unique underlying strengths such as the nine-campus, Nobel-rich University of California, which some educators think may be the best public university in the world; the unsung incorruptibility of most of the state's civil servants; the magic copper light that descends on mile-wide beaches at sunset; even the savage majesty of streaming headlights on the freeways on a clear night. Finally, they single out what Mark Davis, an aide to Governor Pete Wilson, exults as "a new pioneer spirit" among the waves of recent foreign immigrants that may infuse California with a new dynamism.

Pessimists, on the other hand, are ready to conclude that California is over the hill, descending a spiral of environmental, fiscal and social calamities. There is even a group of so-called declinists, like UCLA economist David Hensley, whose downward forecasting has been caricatured by others as a *Blade Runner* vision of economic stagnation, environmental plunder, surging crime and ethnic conflict.

TOO MANY DREAMERS

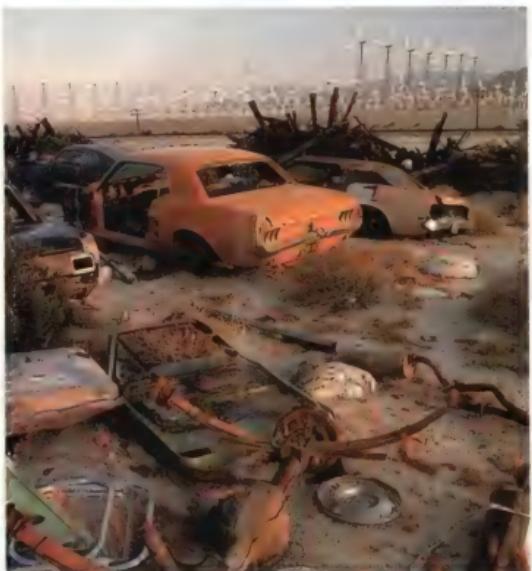
In between are unsmiling realists like San Diego *Tribune* editor Neil Morgan, a sharp-eyed and increasingly skeptical expert on the region. Morgan worries most about the demoralizing effect of California's problems, which is all the more damaging because of the high hopes the state has always harbored. "There's a deep disenchantment that I've decided goes a lot beyond traffic, smog, crime and too many neighbors," says Morgan. "There's a dejection born of overblown dreams."

The main problem underlying California's malaise is simple: the state is attracting far more people than it can cope with. A population of 20 million in 1970 zoomed to 23.7 million in 1980 and 29.8 million in 1990—3 million more than all of Canada. Fully 85% of the 7 million births and newcomers of



Hope amid the ashes: although 25 died in last month's Oakland fire, many residents say they will rebuild the hillside homes destroyed by the blaze

shows that to an increasing degree, California's fabled magnetism is reversing itself, repelling as well as attracting many of the get-up-and-go Americans who have flocked to the Golden State in search of the California Dream. The escapees are being driven away by an accelerating deterioration in the quality of life: clogged freeways, eye-stinging smog, despoiled landscapes, polluted beaches, water shortages, unaffordable housing, overcrowded schools and beleaguered industries, many of which are fleeing, with their jobs, to other states. The very



Scrap heap of history: near Palm Springs, electricity-producing windmills symbolize the state's technological future, and a junkyard marks its past

the 1980s were Hispanic or Asian. Today, according to the 1990 census, white Anglos account for 57% of the population, an overstated figure because minorities were undercounted. By the year 2000 there will be no ethnic majority in California, only minorities. And even if California were to close its borders tomorrow, the birthrate among young immigrants is so high that the state's population would still grow by 4 million this decade.

Though the influx has ushered in a vibrant multicultural society, it has also had dire effects. Smog, from smokestacks and refineries but most of all from the 25 million vehicles on the freeways, was already fouling the air in Los Angeles; now it has billowed east as far as San Bernardino. In the inland reaches, near Los Angeles, from Burbank to Riverside, it is not unusual to schedule high school track and football practice at night after the evening cool dispels the pollution. Glendora, a middle-class town in the San Gabriel Valley, at times has visibility of scarcely a quarter-mile and last year experienced 28 Stage-1 smog alerts, when any strenuous exercise is judged unhealthy. That is actually an improvement over the late '80s, owing to a combination of strict emission limits and still mysterious climatic trends, but the Los Angeles Basin's smog remains the worst in the country. Said Glendora football coach Dean Karnoski last month as he installed a new set of field lights for evening practices: "What we've done may be the worst thing of all: we've adapted."

Suburban sprawl has meant clogged traffic over greater commuting distances as residents move farther and farther from the urban cores in search of affordable homes. Take Temecula (pop.

37,000), a sudden-growth city in the so-called Inland Empire of Riverside County that has doubled in size in just five years to accommodate young families in search of relatively reasonably priced (\$150,000) houses. The lights go on in Temecula at 4 a.m. By 5 one can stand on the hill above the Winchester Collection tract and, to the sound of sheep bleating in the darkness, look down at the streams of headlights coming down the feeder roads to the Route 15 Freeway, two hours to San Diego, 2½ hours to Los Angeles.

When Andrew Cotton, a 32-year-old architect, leaves his computer-firm job in Irvine at 6:45 p.m. for the two-hour trek back to Temecula, he eats his dinner at the wheel, tries to stay awake with a Larry McMurtry book-on-tape and finally, at about 8:45, after his 20-month-old baby is asleep, spends a quarter-hour with his wife and six-year-old son. "I keep telling myself, now, this is only temporary," says Cotton. "But it's been three years. My wife Jill calls herself a single parent." At 9 the lights go out at the Cottons' home, and alarms are set for next morning's repetition.

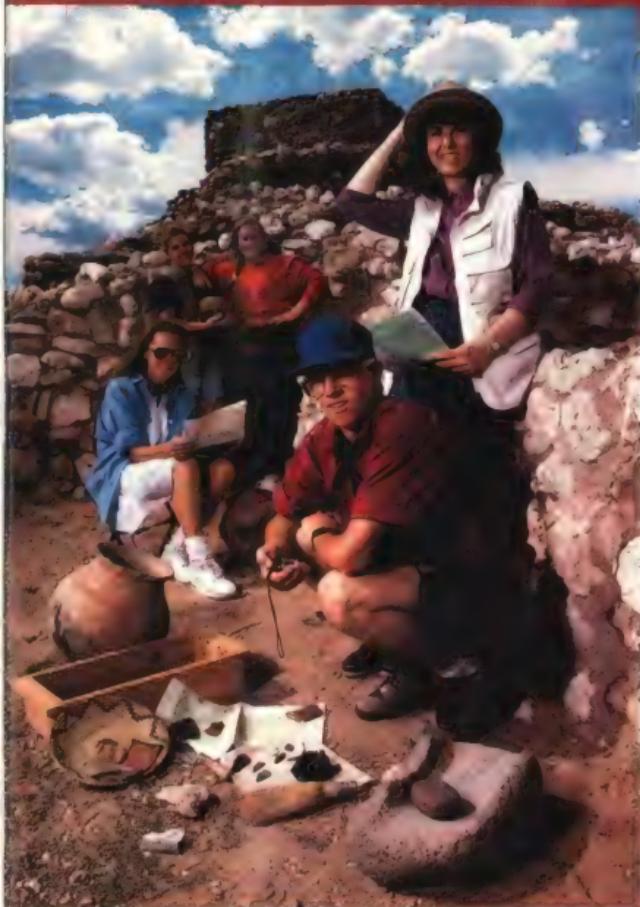
TROUBLE IN PARADISE

The mushrooming population growth reached new strains on resources, especially land and water. Questions of land use have come to dominate the agendas of most local governments. And support for slow growth has become politically unassailable, like motherhood or patriotism. Slow-growth advocates have discovered that their cause can unite liberal environmentalists with fiscal conservatives into a new coalition covering as much as 80% of local public opinion. In exclusive Laguna Beach last fall, residents voted to tax themselves \$20 million to start buying an adjoining canyon before it could be developed. Says city council member Robert Gentry: "In Southern California, open space is becoming the symbol of quality of life. And the only way people have of limiting the rapid urbanization of land may be to buy it."

Nowhere has massive, sudden growth struck more dramatically than Orange County. Robert Haskell, 39, a Newport Beach insurance man who is a fourth-generation resident of the county, still remembers how his grandfather lost his orchard to a freeway in 1960 and now, even in the late 1960s, fields of sugar beets and lima beans and perfumed orange groves stretched along Route 55 from Santa Ana to Costa Mesa. That arcadian vision lasted until nearly 1970. Then, in just 20 years, Orange County grew by nearly 1 million people as 90,000 acres were transformed into commercial "edge cities," freeways and houses. Industry then rushed in and created hundreds of thousands of new jobs, but not enough new housing was built to accommodate the needed workers. That in turn triggered a surge of commuters from neighboring Riverside County. Incipient growth controls were washed away in the flood tide. With horizon-to-horizon development came sharp disillusion among the then largely conservative, white Orange County migrants.

"I called it the trouble-in-paradise gap," says Mark Baldassare, an urbanist at the University of California at Irvine. "People rushed here seeking paradise with a set of specific expectations: a small residential community, detached house, sta-

Mrs. Baca's Math Students Really Have To Dig For Answers.



Sherry Baca, a math teacher at Prescott High School in Prescott, Arizona, believes that the study of math shouldn't be confined to just the classroom. Which explains why these students are busy exploring the site of an archaeological dig in their native state.

The genesis of this inventive approach to teaching math skills came from a video Sherry showed in her class. "The students were fascinated by a program on archaeology and the Anasazi Indians," explains Sherry, "and that gave me an idea."

The "idea" is a teaching unit developed by Sherry to show how math is applied in archaeology. In the process, the students learn how archaeologists map out digs using variations of the cartesian coordinate system. They develop their own graphing and cataloging system. They even investigate the dating of artifacts. This learning experience climaxes with a field trip to the Anasazi ruins in Northern Arizona where the students see firsthand how scientists apply the very math skills they are learning.

Like all of her teaching innovations, Sherry created this one with one purpose in mind: "I just want my students to enjoy and love math as much as I do."

Undoubtedly, Sherry has succeeded. That's why State Farm is honored to present her with our Good Neighbor Award. We are also delighted to make a contribution of \$5,000 to Prescott High School in her name.

Sherry Baca. She's shown her students how the quest for knowledge can take them to some interesting places indeed.



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ble environment and homogeneous neighbors—people who acted and thought like themselves. Well, instead, the reality they soon lived in was a vast sprawl, unaffordable homes, landscapes that changed before their eyes. Meanwhile, a county that in the 1950s had been 90% white Anglo now had 800,000 Hispanics, Asians and blacks. So much for homogeneity of neighbors."

THE FISCAL CRUNCH

Services have become as overstretched as resources. That is especially true of health and welfare, and public education, which each year has to accommodate 200,000 more pupils, almost the equivalent of Nebraska's whole student body. Because so many of California's newcomers were males between 16 and 30, the group most likely to commit offenses, crime rose even faster than the population during the 1980s. That prompted the state to go on a 10-year, \$3.4 billion prison-construction spree, which coincided with a law-and-order furor that led to growing demands for stiffer sentences. By the end of the decade the state's prison system was more overcrowded than before. With almost 102,000 convicts—far more than any other state and nearly double the total in federal cells—California's prisons are near to bursting.

San Diego County's jails are so overburdened that "we operate on the revolving-door principle," says Daniel Greenblatt, a sheriff's official. A decrepit branch jail in El Cajon practically invites escape with some walls made, literally, of Styrofoam. To accommodate new prisoners, sheriffs go through San Diego's six facilities every day and turn loose all inmates nearing the last one-tenth of

their sentence. Arresting officers naturally concentrate on the most serious offenses. "If you shoot your neighbor, you go to jail," says Greenblatt. "For repeated assault-and-battery misdemeanors, you go home."

Local courts, some of them set up temporarily in hotels and manned by overworked "bag judges" who push their piles of briefs from courtroom to courtroom in shopping carts, are just as inundated. A defendant charged with heroin possession claimed that he couldn't find his assigned courtroom. He was let off by the appeals court, which called the county courthouse "a crumbling, dysfunctional moving target."

The speed with which these problems intensified took the state almost completely by surprise. The boom of the '80s fostered the delusion that California could pay for, or postpone, the cost of rectifying such deterioration. Boom-driven tax revenues more than covered former Governor George ("Just say no") Deukmejian's tightfisted, short-term budgets. Many Californians, meanwhile, assumed that because their state's diverse economy had thrived during earlier national economic downturns, it was somehow recession proof. But when the current recession struck last year—later than in the rest of the country, though with equal force—tax revenues plummeted. That led to a state deficit of \$14 billion, the largest any state government has ever incurred.

The deficit laid bare the basic fiscal plight of a state that can no longer afford the services to which it has become accustomed. The new immigrants, many of them poor, put additional demands on schools and health and welfare systems. That hap-

Clash of cultures: tourists and homeless people exchange glances on Santa Barbara's palm-lined waterfront

What Californians think: a poll

Perception of California as a place to live

	ONE OF THE BEST	RATHER POOR
1985	71%	28%
1991	51%	48%

Job performance rating of Pete Wilson as Governor



Monumental congestion:
Yosemite National Park is
so clogged by hordes
of visitors you can't see
the forest for the Jeeps



DO OR DIE

Californians must scale back their dreams if they are to stave off disaster. Some needed steps:

① Kick the car habit
Driving everywhere may enhance your sense of freedom, but it wastes fuel, adds to congestion and worsens smog. Car pooling and mass transit would unclog freeways, and dump less pollution into the atmosphere.

② Stop the subdivisions
Commuting to jobs from single-family homes built in fragile coastal and desert zones makes no sense. Housing needs should be met by building multiple-family dwellings in already developed areas where jobs are available and the environment is at less risk.

③ Respect the desert
Growing rice and other crops that need huge amounts of federally subsidized irrigation water is irresponsible. People should abandon the idea that no home is complete without its own swimming pool and lush lawn. Community swimming pools are just as wet, and cactus can adorn a house as well as grass.

④ Learn from Utah
Instead of decrying the changes wrought by immigration, Californians should adapt to them. They can learn from the example of Utah, which has attracted foreign investments because so many of its people became fluent in foreign languages while serving as Mormon missionaries. Making new arrivals feel at home could bolster California's efforts to boost its economy by expanding trade with Mexico and the Pacific Rim.

⑤ Get serious
This point needs no elaboration.

pened just after the landmark ballot initiative of 1978, Proposition 13, which froze property taxes and launched the national tax revolt. At the same time the middle class, hit by recessions in the early '80s and the early '90s, was becoming less and less willing—or able—to pay for the expanded services.

With more help from Assembly Speaker Willie Brown's Democrats than from his own Republicans, the newly elected Wilson managed to pass a bold budget in a down-and-dirty legislative battle last summer. It covered the deficit with \$7 billion in new sales and upper-bracket income taxes, slowed "automatic-pilot" increases in state wage and welfare spending, and attempted to put California on a pay-as-you-go basis. But Wilson acknowledges that the popular tax revolt is still in force and that a hike of either the general income tax or the property tax remains taboo. If the recession continues, pressuring another big deficit, Wilson will have practically no margin for any more tax increases and will be forced to make drastic cuts on the spending side.

Wilson is short on political capital as well. A TIME poll of Californians taken in September showed that only 26% rated his performance as good or excellent, a 10-point drop since June.

The story is told of how Wilson, still a U.S. Senator and thinking about running for Governor, met with Stu Spencer, the California Republican consultant. Spencer warned him off, observing that with all its problems, the state was perhaps "ungovernable." "That's O.K.," Wilson responded cheerfully. "I'll manage the problems."

Easier said than done. Wilson is finding that running California is immensely complicated by three major political gaps:

1) In a state so big and populous that campaigning politicians can reach voters only through multi-million-dollar TV blitzes, public indifference runs high. When developer Greenwald insisted that his 21 office employees go to vote or lose their jobs, he discovered that 15 of them didn't even know where to start. Ballot initiatives, once a major tool of sweeping reform legislation, have become less popular since the long delays in applying "Prop 103," a plan adopted in 1988 to roll back exorbitant auto-insurance costs.

2) A glaring political divide separates "the vot-

ers" and the rest of "the people" who inhabit the state. California's representatives, as Sacramento Bee political columnist Dan Walters points out, are still elected by a bloc comprising suburban whites and urban blacks, while the new Hispanic and Asian minorities are lamentably underrepresented because they tend not to vote or are not yet citizens. Even in the postcensus reapportionment, currently before the state supreme court, the lion's share of new congressional seats is likely to go to suburban Republicans.

3) Problems have outgrown the grid of city or county jurisdictions, and now require regional action—for transportation and water, or congestion and hazardous waste. Many Democrats argue that only full-fledged regional government can do the job, and proposals for three such schemes are being discussed in the legislature. The most elaborate, a bill introduced by Speaker Brown, would create seven regional bodies to oversee growth and planning and provide a new industry, say, with "one-stop shopping" for all regulatory approvals demanded by a variety of state and local agencies.

Most Republicans oppose regional government as a costly additional layer of bureaucracy, and the pragmatic Wilson frets that in the years it would take to establish regional government, neglected problems would just grow worse. His newly appointed Growth Management Council advocates tighter coordination of existing regional agencies. Says council chairman Richard Sybert: "It's a question of making them all more sensitive, more sensible, more focused—and probably leaner."

DEFATING THE DREAM

In the end, California's destiny will have to ride on its economy. But will the state's economy grow quickly enough to keep up with its population? That was far easier in the '80s, when growth reached a full-steam 7%. During those years, however, an exodus of businesses from California was also beginning, and manufacturing quietly declined 18%. States from Nevada to Oklahoma are trying to entice California companies with lower taxes and wages, less regulatory hassling and far more affordable housing. One aerospace-component manufacturer with a 40-worker factory in the Sacramento Valley got phone calls from Texas Governor Ann Richards and was invited to go turkey-shooting with the lieutenant governor of Oklahoma, and is in fact weighing a possible move. A Balducci poll showed that 1 out of every 7 medium-to-large companies (those with more than 100 employees) thinks about relocating outside the state. Warns Wilson: "We have to face the fact that California is no longer irresistible to business."

In the current slump, economic growth has fallen to 0% (in contrast to 1.1% growth for the na-

tion), while demand for state services is increasing 11%. That is the most crucial gap of all, and the reason Republicans and Democrats both give highest priority to pumping up the economy. "It's economic growth more than anything else that has sustained the California Dream," says economist Thompson, "and that's what is jeopardizing the dream now." But rekindling the economy, Thompson and others agree, may require scaling down or at least changing the fabled dream.

Habits, appetites and, most of all, expectations have to change. To ease congestion, solitary life at the wheel must be replaced by mass transit and carpooling. Companies must adopt flexible work schedules and "telecommuting"—taking advantage of the electronic revolution so that a bank's back-room operations, for example, can be located far from its headquarters. The single-family house has to be taken off its pedestal. Multiple-family dwellings and smaller lots will be required for the higher-density cities of the future. "Everybody would like to live in a mansion," says Sybert. "Well, it's not a perfect world."

Orange County, for one, will have to acknowledge the need for more housing, and more concentrated housing, to accommodate its work force and allow people to live as well as work there. "If nothing's done, eventually there will be job development in [adjoining] Riverside and San Bernardino counties that will catch up to the housing, the same way it caught up in Orange County," warns Sybert.

"And then you get 20 years' worth of family disruption, personal frustration, lost productivity, traffic congestion and bad air. Companies will say, 'Heck with this, we're leaving.' Some new centers, such as Rancho Santa Margarita, under development in Orange County, are attempting to combine multi-skill workplaces and multi-income housing in one site. That is the equivalent of the small town in much of the world, but a near revolutionary departure in that part of Southern California.

Upbeat experts like Sybert foresee a changing but still vital California on the horizon. "California isn't that different, it's just first," he says. "That's why it's so shortsighted for some businesses to say, 'Well, we're going to Arizona.' For we here are going to be dealing with the problems when they are still struggling with them there."

For others, though, that equation conveys a disappointing sense of joining the club, of becoming just another locale beset with urban woes. "We are paying for a wild excess of expectations," says Morgan. "We all came out here because it was going to be the Golden State, where all our dreams were going to click and fall into place, and all of a sudden—presto!—the vision of a magic society that we have all raved about since the gold rush, it's threatening not to happen. We see the same things happening here that happen—do I dare say it?—everywhere else." For Californians, losing their sense of uniqueness may be the most painful consequence if the California Dream collapses. ■

VIEWPOINT: WHY THE SMILES ARE GONE

BY FRANK McCULLOCH

It was just after 7 o'clock on a foggy May morning in 1941 when I arrived in San Francisco. I walked up Market Street, determined to prove this small-town boy was ready for his first newspaper job at the *Daily News*, and it struck me that a remarkable number of smartly dressed pedestrians smiled as I passed.

In the half-century since, the *Daily News*, the smartly dressed pedestrians and the smiles have all vanished from San Francisco.

Measure it where you will, nothing in California is as it was. There is a simple reason for the cosmic changes: 30 or 40 million people were never intended to live in this largely arid land. The trend lines from this population explosion need be extended only a little to bring the consequences into view. Fewer and fewer resources divided among more and more people can yield only less and less. But that will not deter the 4 million people forecast to arrive in the next decade from claiming a share of the dream.

Early this year, my wife and I carved out our own little piece of the dream when we moved to Sonoma, 40 miles northeast of San Francisco in the Northern California wine country. The countryside around us is filled with dairy farms and sheep ranches and orchards and vineyards. We keep telling ourselves that the pace is slower here—although I yearn for the day when I glance in the rearview mirror and find no tailgater there.

New homes spring up almost daily on virgin hillsides. Oak-studded pastures give way to vineyards, which are preferable to shopping centers but invariably bring with them an ailment called wine snobbery. Its first symptom is an infusion into the vocabulary of French words having to do with the color, taste and price of wine. This disease has spread to the Sonoma County seat of Santa Rosa. It was a farm town itself not all that long ago, but as Gaye Le Baron, a columnist for the *Santa Rosa Press Democrat*



Sonoma: a bucolic place afflicted by creeping snobbery

recently reported, that gets harder and harder to remember.

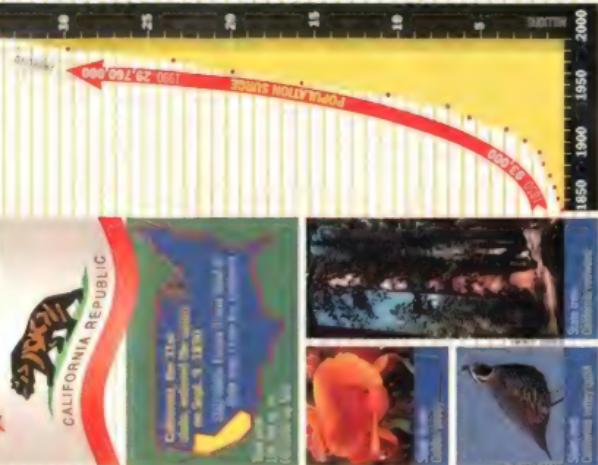
Le Baron recently wrote about a classified ad that had been phoned to her paper by a woman offering what sounded like "well-aged Caumeneur" for sale. It was a wine the ad taker had never heard of, but that's something that happens to many of us Sonomans almost every day. The ad taker asked the lady to spell it.

"You know," she said impatiently, "c-a-w-m-a-n-u-r-e."

It is good, especially in these turbulent times, to be reminded of our roots.

Frank McCulloch has been a California newsman for 50 years.

THE GOLDEN STATE



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NETHERLANDS 13 ⑬

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AUSTRIA 16 ⑯

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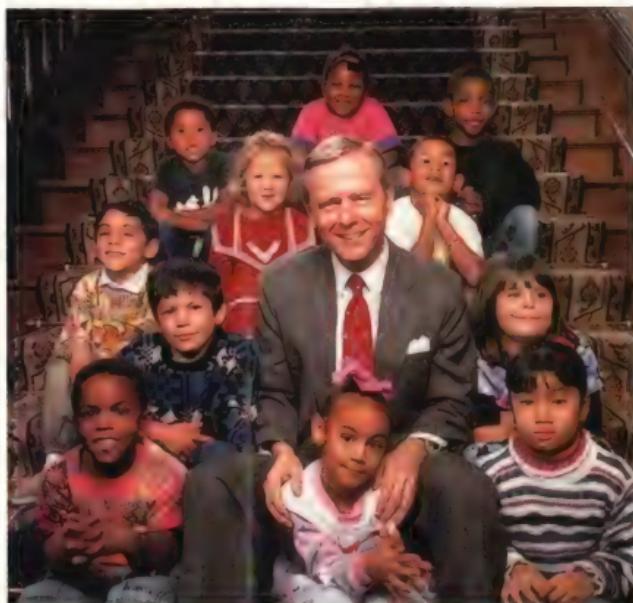
ADVANTAGE : CHRYSLER





BY HENRY MULLER AND JOHN F. STACKS

"THERE IS A LIMIT TO WHAT WE CAN ABSORB"



**Governor
PETE WILSON
warns that
California is
confronting a
painful choice:
be less
generous to
newcomers or
be buried by
relentless
growth**

Q. Is the California Dream threatened by all the problems the state faces?

A. The state has got to achieve an equilibrium. We're in a period when we have taken on a number of burdens, some natural, some of our own making. This is a rich state by any number of indexes. But as with a rich country, there are practical limits to what you can do. There are also political limits to what people are willing to assume in the way of burdens.

California is going through a period of change. Growth is not new to us. David Gardner, the president of the University of California, was asked to give a one-sentence definition of California, and he said, "They found gold here in '49, and they haven't stopped coming ever since."

But the growth is relentless. We're experiencing something that's very troubling to me, and that is an outflow of those who are the producers—and a tremendous increase in the number of consumers of services, particularly children. When I say that there has to be an equilibrium, that's really what I'm talking about. There has to be an ability of the state to grow economically to keep pace with the burdens placed on it.

Q. The problem comes down to California's rapid population growth, doesn't it?

**Citizens of the future:
Wilson with Sacramento
elementary school students**

A. Since 1985 the state's population increased 18%. School enrollments increased 23%. Welfare increased 31 1/2%, and Medi-Cal, which is what we call our Medicaid, increased 49%. Delaware moves to this state annually.

I've been to two National Governors' Association meetings. The theme of both was that federal mandates, especially health care, are going to bankrupt the states. Look at an ironic situation: one federal statute says illegal workers are ineligible for public assistance, but another federal statute says that their children shall be enrolled in the state public school system. That's why we're adding about a quarter-million kids a year—from all of it, from the birthrate, from the migration from other states.

Q. Is there anything you can do to slow the population inflow?

A. We will have to minimize the magnetic effect of the generosity of this state. When I make this comment, people immediately will say, "You're anti-poor people." I'll be accused of racism. The fact of the matter is, Californians are having to pay a disproportionate share of

the national burden for supporting the poor. What we are going to have to do, I think, is either make an internal decision to be less generous or, better, ask the Federal Government—notably the Congress—to give some relief on these mandates because their good intentions are threatening the stability even of rich states like California. There is a limit to what we can absorb.

Internally, the people of this state are going to have to decide what their priorities are. They've indicated that the most urgent from their standpoint is education. And I don't disagree with that. Education needs reform so that we can have a competent and productive work force. That's true here; that's true nationwide.

We have to consider the kind of kids that are going into the classroom. Are they prepared to learn? Are they healthy enough to concentrate? Which is why we have laid such heavy emphasis on a preventive—as opposed to remedial—approach. One program in particular is designed to ready children for the classroom. Today, as much as I may criticize the quality of our education, I have enormous sympathy for the classroom teacher who is asked to be substitute parent, social worker and, in some cases, cop. They shouldn't have to be any

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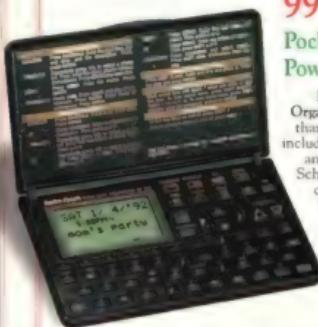
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BY MICHAEL DUFFY

CALIFORNIA SCHEMIN'

A trove of electoral votes helps Bush forget his dislike of the Golden State

George Bush hasn't been seen rollerblading in Wayfarers and spandex biking shorts down the Pacific Coast Highway, but judging from the ardent way he has been wooing California for the past few months, it may be only a matter of time. After blowing off California during his first two years in the White House, Bush has lately turned to blowing it kisses. He has assured Californians how much he enjoys visiting them, telling a Los Angeles audience in September that his wife Barbara "likes, just plain likes coming out to California." And he vows to keep coming back.

If this seems like an election-eve conversion, it should. The President doesn't really like much about California except its trove of 54 electoral votes, 20% of the total he needs to win a second term. His weird Tex-prep political roots have always put him culturally closer to Barbara Mandrell than to Michelle Pfeiffer. As an Administration official explained, "I don't think Bush has ever had an affinity for the place. He finds the culture rather alien." In his autobiography, Bush mournfully recalled the late 1940s when he worked as a traveling drill-bit salesman in California's dusty oil fields. Bush spent his days dreaming of Texas. "Barbara and young George

couldn't wait to get back," he wrote. "Neither could I."

Being Ronald Reagan's Vice President left Bush no choice but to cater to the California operatives who turned the White House into an imperial palace and presidential events into Hollywood extravaganzas. But he escaped whenever he could. While Reagan fled Washington for the mountains north of Santa Barbara, Bush preferred the rocky coast of Maine—about as far from Malibu as he could get without leaving the continental U.S.

His unease grew worse during the 1988 presidential campaign. Bush resisted his handlers' desire to schedule repeat visits to the state, understandably reluctant to appear at campaign stops alongside such silly cartoon characters as the Three Little Pigs and a trio of purple, rug-cutting California Raisins. Luckily for Bush, his advisers prevailed: he narrowly won the state, eking out a 51% majority with the help of last-minute appearances by home state hero Reagan, two of them the day before the election.

Once elected, Bush did his best to ignore California. White House chief of staff John Sununu got into several ugly rows with then Senator Pete Wilson, who was running for Governor and charged that the White House was treating California as just another "account."

By February 1990, California Republicans were feeling so scorned and abused that Bush set out to repair the rift. That spring, Sununu and the late

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Lee Atwater mended fences with several dozen big-dollar fund raisers at the Orange County home of developer Donald Bren. More recently, Wilson invited Sununu to Sacramento for his swearing-in.

By rights, Bush shouldn't have to do so much to woo California Republicans. His natural moderation should appeal to the average California Republican, who is fiscally conservative but socially more liberal than most G.O.P. voters in other states. But Bush's hard-line opposition to abortion—adopted to placate his party's right flank—lands him to the right of 60% of California's G.O.P. conservatives, according to a private Republican poll. And his refusal to ban all oil drilling off the coast places his ecological credentials in question in a state where everyone is an environmentalist.

But what really gives Bush the creeps is the dark portents California holds for the future of the Republican Party. The whirlwind that the G.O.P. sowed nationally with its antitax campaigns—and its neglect of highways, schools and other public services—has touched down in California, hattering Wilson and tearing the state G.O.P. apart. The antitax revolt that was started by California Republicans and culminated in Bush's "read my lips" campaign of 1988 has hardened voters so indiscriminately against taxes that those same Republicans can't govern after they're elected. Trapped in their own antitax rhetoric, they find that voters are refusing to pay for programs that even Republicans support. Like Wilson, Bush nearly lost control



of his party during a bloody budget fight last year. Abortion could cause even bigger battles in Bush's party—and not only in California.

These demons, plus the state's ailing economy, make winning California a formidable challenge for Bush. A White House strategist put it this way, "In 1992, there will be two campaigns: California and everywhere else." Those dancing raisins may soon find themselves in presidential company again. ■

Campaigning in Fountain Valley: dark portents for the Republican Party

KNOCKOUT.



BY NANCY GIBBS

SHADES OF DIFFERENCE

These new Californians were sworn in as U.S. citizens on Oct. 9 and 10. They hail from, left to right, top to bottom: Canada, Jordan, Colombia, England, India, Japan, St. Lucia, Egypt, Denmark . . .

To travel the streets of Los Angeles is to glimpse America's ethnic future. At the bustling playground at McDonald's in Koreatown, a dozen shades of kids squirt down the slides and burrow through tunnels and race down the catwalks, not much minding that no two of them speak the same language. Parents of grade-school children say they rarely know the color of their youngsters' best friends until they meet them; it never seems to occur to the children to say, since they have not yet been taught to care.

By high school, ethnic diversity has become an issue, but it still competes with the distractions of hormones and grades and social status and sports. Most schools are teaching students to celebrate diversity and search for common ground. Inglewood High School, 90% white 20 years ago and 90% black 10 years ago, is 48% Latino today. "We have the same challenges, and I've learned to see that if everybody united, we could be a big force," says Efrain Nava, a 16-year-old Mexican American. "We are all minorities, but together we are a majority."

At the University of California, Berkeley, most entering freshmen say they were attracted to the school because of its cultural variety; there is no ethnic majority. But very soon, university officials note, the students tumble into groups

that celebrate division, not diversity. There is a Korean Catholics group, a Korean Baptists group, black engineers, Hispanic engineers, Chinese business students. Asian students may be divided among some 30 groups, including Thais, Cambodians, Filipinos and three Chinese organizations representing students from Hong Kong, Taiwan and mainland China.

There, in a nutshell, is the story of California's ethnic landscape. As recently as 1980, California was 76% white. During the past 10 years, the Hispanic community grew nearly 70%, the Asian community 127%, so that by last year's census, California was only 57% white. It is clear that early in the next century there will be no racial majority at all. The children may have no trouble adjusting, but their parents still have much to learn. Metaphors of conciliation don't seem to apply: no one talks of a melting pot anymore, or even of a rainbow coalition. "I could not imagine anyone running for mayor on a platform of greater diversity and winning," says Leo Estrada, a professor of urban planning at UCLA. To be anti-immigrant and antiminority, he says, is a more promising platform. "If you are for diversity, you hide it."

California is, by any measure, America's most colorful state. The richness of its culture, the liveliness of its fashions, the nuttiness of its fads and the ruthlessness of its politics all reflect the mix of races and cultures that blend and clash throughout the state. This is the land where Asian dragons dance at Cinco de Mayo parades, where viewers can tune in the evening news spoken in Tagalog, where suburban developers study the ancient Chinese concept of feng shui to ensure harmonious building design and smooth cosmic energy flow. It is not the Beach Boys or the Eagles or the Grateful Dead who provide the voice of California today; it is Los Lobos, a Mexican-American rock band. Amy Tan novels and *Boyz N the Hood* are the artifacts of the new United States of California. And when it comes to the latest

groups of immigrants—as with the settlers in Steinbeck country—few of the stereotypes apply: most of the state's Hispanics and Asians, not notably self-indulgent, are a long way from hydrotherapy classes or from sleeping with their therapists. The Filipino punk joint may be a symbol of the latest form of California strangeness—polyglot multiculturalism—but it hardly seems out of place in a state where fire stores are built in the shape of Mayan temples and movies are screened in a replica of a palace at Thebes.

If California represents the future of America, then Los Angeles may be the future of California. Already there is no racial majority in either Los An-



Immigrants are building an ethnic mosaic, but the pieces don't quite fit together

geles city or county, "a situation encountered by few large urban areas anywhere in the world," says Eugene Mornell, executive director of the Los Angeles County commission on human relations. "All our stereotypes are obsolete. Many immigrants are conservative, many poor people are patriotic, and vice versa. All groups include those who desire to maintain their original culture, reinterpret it or leave it behind."

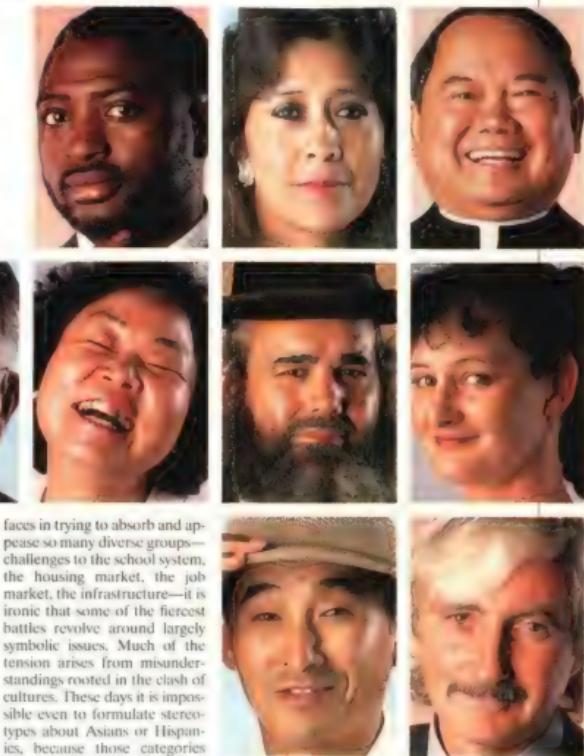
The most visible fights are occurring on the political battleground of local and statewide elections. Though the state's economy has expanded over the years to provide opportunity to new waves of immigrant workers and entrepreneurs, the political arena is less spacious. Any gain by one ethnic group represents a loss to another, so the fight over drawing new electoral-district lines based on the 1990 census has been fierce. The only point of agreement is that by 1992 the political map is likely to look very different than it has in the past.

On the basis of numbers alone, the redistribution of political power is long overdue—and it may be hastened by a new law that will force state representatives to leave office after two or three terms, creating openings for minority candidates. Despite the phenomenal growth of California's minority populations in the past 20 years, just two blacks and one Asian have been elected to statewide office. Of the 120 members of the state legislature, only 10 are black, six Latino and none Asian. The 45 members of Congress from California include only four blacks, three Latinos and two Asians.

Los Angeles was the arena for the first bitter round of fighting, when Hispanics campaigned for a seat on the county's powerful five-member board of supervisors. While Los Angeles County's 3 million Hispanics are fully one-third of the region's total population and represent the largest concentration of Latinos in the nation, it was only this year that newly drawn districts enabled them to win a seat. "We have the numbers, but the numbers are not reflected in the political and economic power structures," says Antonia Hernandez, president and general counsel of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which led the redistricting battle.

And although 35% of the nation's 7.2 million Asians live in California, they too remain almost invisible in California politics. "While we've made progress educationally and economically, we still have some major challenges," says Stewart Kwoh, executive director of the Asian Pacific American Legal Center of Southern California. "Our main problem is that we are locked out of the political process."

Given the concrete challenges that California



faces in trying to absorb and appease so many diverse groups—challenges to the school system, the housing market, the job market, the infrastructure—it is ironic that some of the fiercest battles revolve around largely symbolic issues. Much of the tension arises from misunderstandings rooted in the clash of cultures. These days it is impossible even to formulate stereotypes about Asians or Hispanics, because those categories conceal much more than they reveal. Koreans and Japanese continue to deride one another; Peruvians resent being mistaken for Mexicans. The largest Asian group is not the Japanese or the Chinese but the Filipinos, who have different traditions.

Blacks and Hispanics are fighting over jobs at Martin Luther King hospital in Watts, where nearly 9 out of 10 babies born are Hispanic. As the hospital comes to serve a more diverse community, Hispanic leaders have demanded more of the health-care jobs. But blacks view the facility, built after the Watts riots in 1965, as a symbol of their hard-fought struggle for civil rights. Says Eugene Grigsby III, acting director of UCLA's Center for Afro-American Studies: "The feeling is we've been left out so long, now these new kids on the block who haven't paid their dues, who haven't fought in the streets, who haven't put up with racism and dis-

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... Mexico and Vietnam.

Perceptions of the increasing number of HISPANICS and ASIAN in California

POSSIBLE POSITIVE EFFECTS

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Our culture will be enriched providing new ideas, customs	68%	71%
Provides needed labor for new jobs	65%	67%
Fosters higher economic growth	48%	51%

POSSIBLE NEGATIVE EFFECTS

Higher taxes due to more demands for public services	79%	74%
Increases the amount of unemployment in the state	77%	71%
Increases crime	64%	68%
Lowers quality of education in the public schools	57%	53%
Endangers the place of English as our common language	48%	51%

crimination, all of a sudden, because they have only 3% of county hospital jobs, they should have that grievance redressed at our expense."

In June blacks began a boycott of a Korean-owned store in South Central Los Angeles after the owner shot a black man he thought was a robber. Korean storekeepers have become a highly visible economic presence in what were traditionally black neighborhoods; blacks charge that the owners treat black customers like criminal suspects and fail to hire local workers. In the past six months alone, three blacks—and two Koreans—have been killed in Korean-owned stores. Though police concluded that the fatal shooting in South Central Los Angeles was justified, the boycott lasted four months, ending only after the Korean owner agreed to close the store and give blacks the opportunity to buy it.

Other Korean shopkeepers donated more than \$20,000 to help keep the boycotted owner's business going during the protest. "We don't make trouble first," says Do Hyun Chung, who owns a liquor store in Compton. "We try to make money first." The 31-year-old merchant came to America nearly seven years ago with scarcely a penny in his pocket, in the hope of finding what he refers to, without irony or embarrassment, as "the American Dream." The previous owner of his store was shot dead by a robber. For Chung and his wife Sue Hee, it is a constant struggle to maintain peace with their customers. Every morning they provide free people and breakfast to poor people in the neighborhood, and they donate sodas and snacks to community groups organizing picnics for local kids.

But it is still difficult for the Chungs to understand the resentment of his patrons, some of whom he sees as too lazy to go to work for themselves. "In America you get what you work for," says Sue Hee. "If you don't get it, then you didn't work for it." The rage that African Americans direct at Korean merchants, says Wayne Gibson, a black barber in Compton, stems from a feeling of exploitation and lack of respect. "It seems everybody's just trying to get over on the residents of Compton without giving anything back," he says. "That's where the hostility comes in. So the people out here resent these immigrants getting a leg up on them."

One appalling tendency is for the newcomers to adopt historic American racism. UCLA's Estrada says he is "amazed" at how quickly immigrants move "from never having seen a black person to becoming racist against them." Their view, he argues, is shaped by the media, the movies, the countless subtle and obvious expressions of hostility to blacks and "black issues" that immigrants encounter. "It's all part of a process of arriving," adds Estrada.

In the coming decades, while California's population grows ever more diverse, it will also become less black. As immigrants flood into formerly black neighborhoods, many black families are deciding that it is time to leave. During the past decade, the black populations in both Los Angeles and San Francisco declined. Many African Ameri-

cans fled to suburban cities in search of space and safety and jobs. But a great many African Americans are leaving the state, some to return to the Deep South that their parents and grandparents fled years ago.

Some white Californians, meanwhile, welcome the new arrivals. In their 49 years on Clinton Avenue in Richmond, a blue-collar refinery center on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay, Gladys Parks, 76, and her husband Bruce, 81, have seen the city go from white to black, then to Hispanic and Asian, and finally to mixed-white again on the gentrifying edge of the city. Bruce, a Stockton-born "prune picker," as native Californians are called, recalls having real misgivings when the "coloreds" first came to town during World War II. Today he and Gladys call the black family next door the best neighbors they've ever had. They've become such friends with their Chicano gardener that they go to Las Vegas with him and his family. And they admire the brilliant 15-year-old Vietnamese girl who babysits around the corner and plans to attend Harvard or Stanford. They are persuaded that Californians are, in fact, more toler-

ONE YEAR'S NEW ARRIVALS

Where they came from in 1989
Total: 836,700



In addition, an estimated 100,000 illegal immigrants moved to California in 1989

ant than most Americans. It's probably because, as Bruce says, "almost everybody here is new."

But in a time of such heady change, no single reaction speaks for the majority. In a sense, the entire state is going through a process of re-education about just what diversity means and what the future holds. "People's idea of being culturally aware is going to a Chinese restaurant," says Marcia Choo, program director for the Asian Pacific American Dispute Resolution Center in Los Angeles. Some whites are running away from neighborhoods that have been rapidly integrated in the past 10 years or so. Typical of their sentiment is the bumper sticker that used to be common in one formerly all-white community: WILL THE LAST AMERICAN TO LEAVE MONTEREY PARK PLEASE BRING THE AMERICAN FLAG? During the past decade, the "Orange Curtain" has descended south of Santa Ana, as whites migrate to the protected enclaves of Orange County. "The city won't be abandoned," predicts UCLA's Eugene Grigsby. "But if the white corporate power structure stays as it is, you'd be hard pressed to dis-



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THE POWER OF INTELLIGENT ENGINEERING.

tinguish this area from South Africa relative to who controls, who's employed and who's impoverished."

California's student population has the advantage of working through the issues that divide neighborhoods, institutions and governmental bodies within the protected framework of the campus. Declares Francisco Hernandez, dean of student life at Berkeley: "The real story is actually how well students get along. That's not to say there aren't problems and issues. But students aren't shooting each other. They aren't killing each other. They're trying to understand each other in an aca-

demic setting. The picture that's been drawn of Berkeley is that there is a great deal of racial tension. What there is, is a great amount of racial awareness on campus. Students are aware of who they are and what they are, and so are we. Instead of ignoring it or pretending that students don't have differences, we acknowledge the differences with the intent of having students understand them, tolerate them and eventually enjoy them."

As an objective for the rest of the state, that is both an unavoidable choice and a tall order.

—Reported by Sylvester Monroe/*Los Angeles*

VIEWPOINT: BAD NEWS FOR BLACKS

BY ISHMALL REED

Before Columbus, an organization devoted to the promotion and distribution of multicultural literature, has an office in the Ginn House, one of 16 renovated buildings in Oakland's showcase Preservation Park. From there, I can at times envision the grand design of a multicultural nation with its capital in Oakland, America's most integrated and multicultural city, where, in some districts, Latino Americans, Asian Americans, African Americans and European Americans live side by side. But at other times I wonder whether in 20 years, blacks, finding themselves faced with soaring yellow and brown racism, might miss the uncomplicated old days when the only racism they had to contend with was white racism.

The highly publicized success of Asian Americans, 29 culturally distinct groups that are sometimes classified by California demographers as white, is being used by the media and some members of the policy élite to embarrass African Americans. Some Asian Americans have documented the existence of an Asian-American "underclass" (people engaged in socially deviant behavior or living below the poverty line, or both). But such findings have not dented the widespread impression that these groups are "model" minorities. Blacks are seen as less hardworking and less deserving than members of model minorities—although 90% of them hold jobs and their West African ancestors were members of a society whose work ethic out-Carved Calvin's.

Here is a sample of things to come: in July, Oakland's black city manager, Henry L. Gardner, came under fire from a coalition of Latino groups because Latino Americans weren't sufficiently represented among the finalists for the position of Oakland fire chief. Though Gardner was not obligated under the city charter to find a candidate from every ethnic group, he was praised for a statesmanlike gesture when he extended the search for a period of 30 days. An additional Latino candidate was found, but the job went to an African American, Lewis Butler, who resurrected an organization called California Tomorrow, had it right when he said, "In a multicultural environment, affirmative action may mean taking a job away from a black person and giving it to an Asian or Latino."

But for every case of interethnic conflict one can cite a case of cooperation. Unlike school boards in San Francisco and Berkeley, the Oakland school board rejected Houghton Mifflin text-

books that it considered racist and sexist. Though the local press and the *New York Times* presented the textbook opponents as raving, politically correct Afrocentrics, one of the most eloquent speeches opposing the textbook adoption was made by a Chinese American.

Few who have examined the evidence will disagree that Oakland is losing investments because of its image as a black-run city. In addition to its city manager, its mayor (Elihu Harris), the publisher of its leading newspaper (Robert Maynard), even the director of its symphony orchestra (Michael Morgan) are all black. Investors also shy away from Oakland because of its underground crack economy. Though drive-by shootings continue, there is evidence that the crack problem is waning, a fact overlooked by the national media. News organizations blame blacks for the drug problem and ignore the participation in the drug trade of other ethnic groups, but drug dealing in Northern California and other parts of the country is a multicultural enterprise. Yet during early August, *TIME* aired the typical black-grandmothers-raising-crack-babies story, when there are plenty of suburban white grandparents in the same situation.

Despite the fire that left 5,000 homeless in Oakland last month, I would rather live here than in any other city in the country because it remains a place of promise and culture. Besides its championship sports teams, it boasts an international cuisine, rap and blues sound, and at one time or another has been home to such literary luminaries as Gertrude Stein, Jack London, Joaquin Miller, Jack Foley, Floyd Salas and Ambrose Bierce.

Not long ago, I was giving Bharati Mukherjee, a writer from India who now lives in Berkeley, what I call the Ishmael Reed Oakland tour, which lately has also been given to an Australian Aborigine writer, three Czech writers and an Italian television crew, a professor of film from the University of Bologna and the French editor of an African magazine. As we rounded Lake Merritt—an urban gem endowed with islands that attract migratory waterfowl—she said she hadn't realized that Oakland is so beautiful. I replied that a lot of us run down this city that the rappers call "Oaktown" because we don't want anybody else moving here. I was more than half serious.

Ishmael Reed's latest book is The Terrible Threes.



Preservation Park: capital of a new multicultural nation?

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GALAXY OF RISING STARS



Doing Well By Feeling Good

Anthony Robbins, 31, is the latest California guru to get rich by helping people feel good. Raised in a struggling family from Glendora, Calif., the 6-ft, 7-in. Robbins went to work for a human-development lecturer after high school. By 1983 he was running his own Date with Destiny seminars, but was also overweight and "totally depressed." He decided his life needed an overhaul and soon was urging others to change theirs. To gleam his secrets, customers pay \$170 for a one-day seminar and \$5,000 for a two-week Hawaiian program. Sample message: "The meeting of preparation with opportunity generates the offspring we call luck."

Last year Robbins grossed \$50 million, enough for a Del Mar castle and a helicopter. "I'm proud of my abundant life-style," he boasts. "I work 22 hours a day, but to me it isn't work."

Transit Gloria

They can call her an anarchist (as a fellow politician did), but they can't tell her where to get off: liberal Democrat **Gloria Molina**, 43, is on, and plans to stay there. The Los Angeles-born daughter of an immigrant Mexican farm worker, Molina quit teaching in 1968 and maneuvered her way into the starry political club that had run the city for generations. Waging a populist campaign among minorities, she registered a series of historic firsts in California politics: first Hispanic representative to the state assembly, first Hispanic member of the Los Angeles city council, and first Hispanic candidate since 1875 (and first woman ever) to win a seat on the powerful, five-member Los Angeles county board of supervisors.

From that position, the confrontational Molina keeps pressing for improved programs for minorities. Hispanics, she says, now "have a leadership that is willing to stand up and be counted."



A multicultural crop of trendmakers sets the pace in politics, science and art

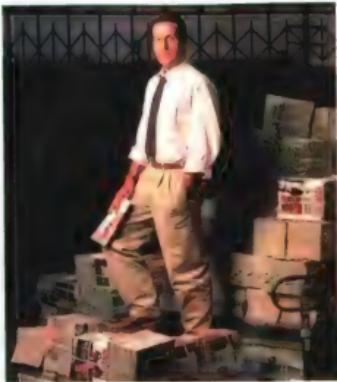


Man Of The Golden West

He is a mere 23 years old, but already movie director **John Singleton** can rightly be dubbed the Toqueville of the gang-ridden war zone known as South Central Los Angeles. Singleton's first film, *Boyz 'N the Hood*, about young black males coming of age in the inner city, has grossed \$56 million in four months.

Singleton grew up in South Central, where "from the time I was born, I looked out the window and there was this 70-ft. screen [a drive-in theater] with movies on it." He read widely and enrolled at the University of Southern California film school, where he won three prizes for as many screenplays (of which *Boyz* was one).

Singleton still prefers to live in the "real world" of South Central, from which, he says, "I bring a street sensibility to the business of Hollywood. It helps me survive. Here, instead of a trusty gun, you need a good lawyer and an agent."



The Voice Of Gay Rights

For more than two decades, the *Advocate*, published in Los Angeles, has been the magazine of choice for gays, but it seemed more a dull club newspaper than the militant defender of homosexual rights its name implied. But since **Richard Roulard** became editor in June 1990, the *Advocate* has been anything but boring. Roulard, 40, injected an aggressive, news-oriented flavor, with stories on subjects such as suicide among homosexual teenagers. Even the pejorative "queer" has come out of the closet. Gay people, says Roulard, now proudly call themselves queers as a way of proclaiming their basic rights. "The future of our movement," he says, "lies in queer activism, not gay and lesbian activism." The *Advocate* has gained a legitimacy among gays that had eluded it until now. Circulation has jumped from 60,000 to as high as 150,000.

Voyaging To The Far Side

If there is romance in theoretical physics, Taiwan-born **Nai-Chang Yeh**, 29, will find it and sing its charms. The only female physics professor at the California Institute of Technology in Los Angeles, Nai-Chang studies high-temperature superconductivity, searching for new applications in fusion technology. This voyage to the far side of physics research is all the more satisfying because Nai-Chang has triumphed in what is usually regarded as a man's world. "Women aren't encouraged to go into science," she says, "because it is perceived as cold and masculine. Women are heavily represented in biology because it has to do with 'life' and is considered to be warmer. But I find physics to be very beautiful." Nai-Chang devotes as much as 100 hours a week to research and teaching. In what little time remains, she studies Chinese literature and visits with her beau. "We don't have time to marry," she says, "because we're both working so hard."



Young Old Master

Is it possible that a painter who is only 26 and largely self-taught warrants superlatives like "phenomenal" and "extraordinary"? Those are the judgments of gallery owners and buyers who are rushing to collect the canvases of **Manuel Ocampo**, a Filipino who has been working in Los Angeles since 1986.

Ocampo began painting in Quezon City when he was 15, had a brief brush with instruction, then set out on his own. Santa Monica gallery owner Fred Hoffman gave him a show last January, and in only an hour sold the entire collection of 20 oils for about \$5,000 each. "He is one of the hottest young artists today," says Hoffman. "He paints as if he's been at it for 50 years. His technique is as good as an old master's, but with wild subject matter."

And wild it is. In bold colors and classical forms, Ocampo, a renegade Roman Catholic, depicts anti-Catholic and political themes with such titles as *Truth Is Dead* and *All Will Fall*. Hoffman calls the paintings "mesmerizing." Ocampo says they are "hellish, apocalyptic." Most Catholics label them offensive, but Ocampo makes no apologies. Catholicism, he says, is "one of the major oppressors of Third World cultures." Whatever the themes, the paintings now sell for as much as \$10,000 apiece.





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THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATE

**South to North:
"You're just plain tacky!"**

BY MARTHA SMITH
LOS ANGELES

At first you're seduced by the sweeping ocean views, cute Victorian houses, picturesquesque tangerine bridges and storybook bed-and-breakfasts. But on closer inspection, the sheer volume of scented candles, glass-blown swans and seashell ashtrays sends the mind reeling. Banners that boast I LEFT MY HEART should rightly read MY WALLET, since San Francisco's real raison d'être is separating tourists from their money. This too-too precious-chilly, hilly city is determined to stupefy you with caramel corn, sourdough bread, chocolate cable cars and painting-by-numbers that goes by the name of sidewalk art. "It's like living in a theme park," says Lee Housekeeper, a local resident.

The town—the greater Bay Area, for that matter—is sickled over with restaurants. Culinary czars rule a population where schoolchildren learn the meaning of chanterelle and shiitake before they study the alphabet. Beer can come in a bottle with a champagne cork, and spaghetti automatically means fennel-raspberry pasta. To ask for a glass of ordinary tap water or regular coffee is to admit that you hail from Tulsa. Pretentious readings of bogus poetry have now been supplanted by SF Net, a coffeehouse computer linkup that enables pseudo avant-gardists to cross-chat electronically over their *caffè latte*.

The entire culture, for that matter, is derivati-

tive. The cramped, dark Victorian houses (going for \$2 million) are borrowed from the English, the ivory (mostly opaque plastic) figurines from the Chinese, and the vineyards from northern Italy. There's no homegrown movie business; in fact the town has missed the video age, focused instead on grainy foreign films, which seem to be unreeling in every theater. Although the smug intelligentsia of Stanford and Berkeley blanch at the mention of her name, the area's best-selling author is Danielle Steel. To be sure, Los Angeles is no stranger to mass-market novelists, but that kind of pedestrian vulgarity is increasingly overwhelmed by the energy, quality and variety of the town's truly provocative attractions: a first-class symphony orchestra, lively art galleries and museums, adventurous theater, special events like the biennial L.A. Arts Festival, a good Mexican dinner for 10 bucks.

In the southland people get Pulitzer prize-winning news from the *Los Angeles Times*, San Franciscans rely on the clubhouse newspaper, the *Chronicle* ("comical" to locals), whose existence depends almost solely on Herb Caen, 75, America's longest-running columnist (circa 1938), and whose chief function is the nurturing of San Francisco's insatiable narcissism. The *Chronicle's* competitor, Hearst's *Examiner*, is hardly better, specializing in the scandalous activities of local politicians.

Politics, in any case, is monopolized mainly by vociferous gay organizations, gangs of neoprobhibitionists and, of course, the ever resentful ecomaniacs, who have forsaken chocolate chip ice cream for Rainforest Crunch and who insist that the city's unspeakable degenerates (cigarette smokers) ask permission before they light up outside. While the city drifts, the board of supervisors issues wacky foreign policy statements. During the gulf war, the board declared the town a nuclear-free haven for draft dodgers. Across the bay in Berkeley it's even daffier: along with Fidel Castro, the city council is all that is left of the communist elite.

The parochial social scene in San Francisco is hardly more engaging, consisting as it does of a few dozen gadflies who spend much of their time phoning each other to discuss who didn't get invited to the New York parties. Everybody else seems to be in the business of resolutely currying the town's status as the capital of the sexually weird. Where else can you join a cross-dressing club? Where else would they be restoring the sign flashing the pulsating neon nipples of aging stripper Carol Doda? At the same time, in such a setting a straight male has a hard time seeking out a pair of shapely legs in thigh-high Lycras. A fashion statement in the Bay Area means pearls and sensible walking shoes or the Kenickstone look. "Down in L.A.," says single lawyer Peter Haley, ruefully, "you've got wicked dames coming in from the night. Here, there are no dangerous women. Too many bird watchers."

As if all this were not enough to make Los Angeles a relative Eden, the weather in the Bay Area is windy, cold and foggy; you can't swim in the ocean; and the earthquake knocked down the freeways, so it's hard to get across town. The smug superiority of northerners is simply a case of shabby gentility. These people who came to California first always looked down at the village in the south, which to their dismay has become a booming megalopolis.

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North to South: "Oh, stop whining!"

BY PAUL A. WHITEMAN
SAN FRANCISCO

Whew. Those of you who have read the splenetic outburst about San Francisco on a previous page should understand one thing: my colleague is a native Southern Californian. The few people who can claim that dubious honor are drilled from childhood to think of my part of the state as the evil empire. Come to think of it, a former Governor once believed Northern California was a far more dangerous place than that den of evil, Grenada. Since most of the water coming out of the lawn sprinklers in Bel Air and since all the ice cubes solidifying themselves at this very moment in Beverly Hills' kitchens originate in the north, Mr. Reagan, that quintessential Southern Californian (nonnative variety), may yet be proved right. Especially if the north ever loses patience and turns off the spigot.

Not that we would. If one thing characterizes Northern California and the city in which I live, it is tolerance for all manner of human behavior that confounds and enrages folks in other parts of the country. For example, I live next door to a gay synagogue. During the gulf war, demonstrators against U.S. involvement gathered at the synagogue before going off to protest. Two women carried a sign saying *LI-SHEAN ZIONISTS FOR PEACE*. Not my point of view, actually, but they're certainly entitled.

Since I have some unorthodox ideas of my own (the Cleveland Indians will rise again, to name one), it is comforting to know that in San Francisco people feel uninhibited about expressing such beliefs publicly. This live-and-let-live attitude has frayed in recent years as gays have flexed their new political muscle, often angrily, but general tolerance is still intact.

As every tourist knows, this place is very easy on the eyes. It's not just the little cable cars ever climbing and clanging; it's not just the Golden Gate Bridge, the bay and Alcatraz. The walk down the Valean Stairway and the view of downtown from the corner of 20th and Connecticut are only two of the thousands of arresting sights beckoning every single day—when the fog isn't in, that is. I happen to like cool, breezy weather, especially in summer, so the fog and I have become good friends. I will admit that it is an acquired taste.

Then there is the wine. Someone who was bred in New Jersey doesn't naturally develop an affinity for the grape. But even a brief respite in Northern California transforms the newcomer into a wine aficionado. Now I can't get enough of those Zinfandels, Syrahs and Pinots. *Sahut*, Napa and Sonoma!

Frivolous, you say; self-indulgent too. Never mind, say I. People who sneer thus are merely afflicted with geography envy; they are wedded to the misconception that a glorious autumn must be followed by a dark and dreary winter. There are those, nurtured on another coast, who believe nothing great can be accomplished where palm trees grow outdoors. The technical innovations in electronics and biotechnology begotten by labs at

Stanford and Berkeley, not to mention the invention of the Jefferson Airplane, put the lie to such wrongheaded thinking. Important things do happen here.

Nothing important, however, happens in Southern California. How seriously can you take a place where the leading industry calls its place of work a "studio"? I went to a studio last year where a bunch of grown men stood around for hours watching another grown man repeatedly pout and grimace for the camera, all the while straddling the back of a make-believe monster. At length, a supervisor ordered an underling to fetch a prop. The minion did not dash off to get it. Instead he turned to the boss and said, archly, "Thank you for sharing that thought with me." If this is productivity, be thankful the studios are not in charge of taking in the crops.

Southern Californians are whiners. They whine about the Rams. They whine about the Dodgers, who should never have left Brooklyn anyway. Mostly they whine about the traffic and how they can't get anywhere in their car. My advice to them: Stop driving. That will give *OPIC* something to think about, save you money and clean up the filthy air you breathe.

This does not mean that Southern California lacks redeeming qualities and attractions. The beaches from Malibu down to Mission Bay are peachy. There are even serious people of substance who have their own reasons for living there. (John Wooden, the greatest basketball coach in history, comes immediately to mind.) My favorite place, however, after the San Diego Zoo, is the airport everyone calls *LAX*. The attraction isn't physical. It's just that when the cab drops me off there, my spirits rise. I know that within an hour or so, I'll be back where I belong.



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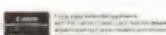
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GOBBLING UP THE LAND



Angered by the cutting of ancient trees, protesters blockade logging sites in Sequoia National Forest.

The California gnatcatcher, a warbler-like songbird, nests along the coastal sage land in Southern California's Orange County, which happens to be some of the most expensive real estate on earth. Last July, when the state fish and game commission announced that it would consider listing the gnatcatcher as an endangered species, developers bulldozed hundreds of acres of the birds' remaining habitat so that the land would be exempt from any future protection. In September the fish and game commission, bowing to construction-industry arguments that protecting the gnatcatcher would cost the state \$20 billion and 200,000 jobs, decided not to list the bird. Environmentalists hope the Federal Government may yet do so.

So went the latest chapter in the often brutal conflict between development and protection of the environment in the increasingly tarnished Golden State. California leads the nation with 283 endangered, threatened or rare species, but despite various state and federal forms of protection, two-thirds of these species continue to decline.

This destruction is occurring despite a concerted effort to prevent it. In the past 25 years, nearly 90% of the state's communities have imposed some form of restraint on growth, but urban and suburban subdivisions keep sprawling. The legislature passed laws in 1973 to ensure sustainable management of the forests, but timber companies have replanted new species instead of maintaining existing forests and have cut too often to permit the forest to regenerate itself. And though Los Angeles

has made progress against smog, air quality has plummeted in other parts of the state.

Frustrated with the legislature's inability—or unwillingness—to get the job done, citizens have passed ballot initiatives to protect the 1,100-mile coastline, establish a fund to buy habitat for mountain lions, and authorize a bond issue to provide funding for parks and wildlife habitat. But enforcement of these laws has been so ineffectual that some enviros (as they are called in California) have turned to the courts, suing to protect the delta smelt, salmon and other species. More radical groups like Earth First! resort to direct action: blocking logging sites and driving spikes into redwoods so that they will be dangerous to cut.

Now the conflict over diminishing resources is scrambling the political map of California. Traditional allies such as agriculture and big developers frequently find themselves at odds. Some environmental groups have aligned with cities against agricultural interests to try to break big farmers' stranglehold on water supplies. Others have joined forces with surfers to fight pollution from pulp-paper mills and with commercial fishermen to end logging practices that destroy watersheds.

As an unending tide of new arrivals pushes nature to the wall, California is awash with experiments to preserve its stunning natural heritage. The Wilson administration wants to establish regional councils that would draw representatives from all interests with a stake in an area in order to reach a consensus on how to protect different bio-

Making room for a stream of new arrivals has pushed nature to the wall

ENVIRONMENTAL TROUBLE SPOTS

Los Angeles Basin

► Eight million cars, 1.2 million trucks and other vehicles help make the region's air the dirtiest in the nation.

Sacramento Delta

► The most important estuary on the West Coast has been clogged by an array of dams, canals and pumps that divert water to irrigation projects and homes in Southern California. Several species of fish and birds have been put at risk.

Death Valley

► As Nevada experiences dizzying growth, its residents put new demands on groundwater, threatening to exhaust the underground sources of the oases in the fragile Death Valley ecosystem.

North Coast and Sierra Nevada Forests

► With most of the original stands of redwood and Douglas fir already felled, timber companies battle with environmentalists over the remainder. Critics charge the U.S. Forest Service with permitting ruinous clear-cutting on public lands, endangering surviving giant Sequoias.



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After five years of drought, reserves like Gibraltar Reservoir were parched and empty

logical regions. Says Larry Orman, executive director of the Greenbelt Alliance: "Because we have such massive problems, I view California as a mirror to the future." The areas of dispute:

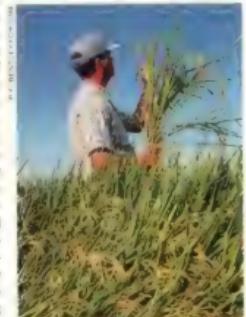
LAND

San Francisco architect Herbert McLaughlin coined the term "stoppolopolis" to describe the shapeless subdivisions that sprung up to house California's surging population. Each year, 50,000 acres of cropland give way to housing tracts or shopping malls. Desert covers one-fourth of the state, but Jim Dodson, director of the California Desert Protection League, says two-thirds of those 25.5 million fragile acres have already been damaged by human use. Congress is debating whether to preserve threatened areas by creating a 1.5 million-acre national park in the Mojave and expanding the Death Valley and Joshua Tree national monuments into parks. But if Las Vegas proceeds with its plans to buy groundwater from central Nevada, the underground streams that flow westward to feed the oases in Death Valley may dry up, mooting any question of aboveground protection.

California's coastline has inspired more efforts at protection than any other region. But the 1976 California Coastal Act, which defined wetlands, agricultural lands and scenic routes and called for local governments to devise plans to protect their coastal areas, has been more an aesthetic than an ecological success. The Natural Resources Defense Council documented more than 300 beach closings in the state last year, including some in supposedly pristine parts of Mendocino County in the north. To a degree, economics abets preservation of the coast:

Attitudes toward growth

Proportion saying there has been "too much" of this type of growth in their community



Rice farmers and other heavy users of water are pitted against city dwellers for dwindling supplies

its scenic beauty generates more than \$30 billion in tourist revenues. In addition, communities in the water-starved state are reducing pollution as they try to reclaim every drop of waste water. Even so, the pressures on the coast will continue to grow.

WATER

The heart of California's freshwater system is the Sacramento Delta, where salt water from San Francisco Bay mixes with 40% of the state's freshwater flowing down from the Sierra Nevada through a vast web of wetlands and islands. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency says this watery corridor is the most important estuary on the West Coast of the Americas because it provides a critical stopping point for birds on the Pacific flyway and a vast nursery for fish. But the area is also the hub of a huge network of dams, canals and pumps that divert water to irrigate the Central Valley and supply 18 million users in the semi-desert southland. The price of this growth has been a series of ecological calamities.

Because their peaty soils oxidize when exposed to air, delta islands converted to farmland have been sinking, leaving humans and wildlife increasingly vulnerable to flooding in the next earthquake. Giant pumps powerful enough to reverse the flow of the Sacramento River stun and kill young striped bass and other fish. Encroaching urbanization, flooding, and conversion of marshes to farmland have destroyed 90% of the state's wetlands, most of which were linked to the estuary. As freshwater is diverted into canals, the zone where freshwater and salt water meet has moved upstream, starving young staghorn sculpin that in turn were food for blue herons and snowy egrets. Roughly 90% of the state's commercial Chinook salmon catch depends on the estuary, but more than half the salmon swimming up the Sacramento River to lay eggs are blocked by the Red Bluff Diversion Dam. Those that get by are often unable to spawn in overheated waters coming from drought-stricken Shasta Lake. The San Joaquin River is entirely diverted for irrigation as it emerges from the Sierra Nevada. When it resumes downstream near the Kesterson Reservoir, selenium-poisoned waters flow into it from the Westlands agricultural district.

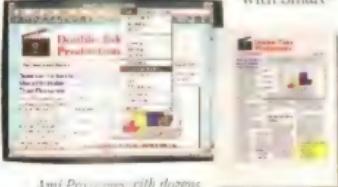
The problems have been compounded by a five-year drought. In 1990 the state created a water bank that allowed cities to bid for some agricultural water. Some environmentalists support the scheme and are being criticized for it. "The enviros have been pimps for water marketing," says environmental consultant William Kier. He notes that Yuba City uses less than 10% of its water entitlement from the New Bullards Bar Reservoir, then sells the remainder to Southern California rather than allow it to replenish the fragile delta system.

Rehabilitating the region will not be easy, but the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund and others



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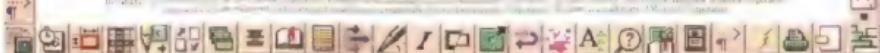


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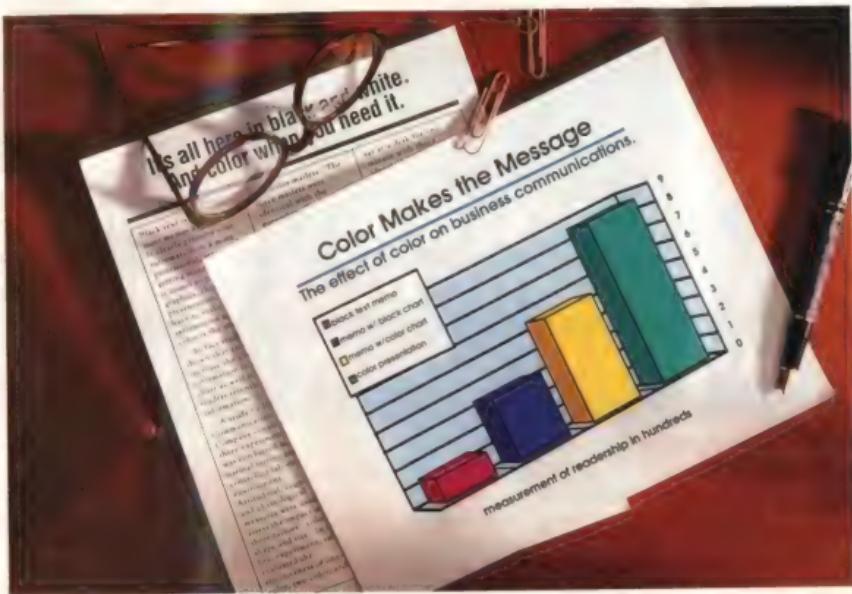
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have sued the EPA to force the state to protect fish like the delta smelt. Efforts are also under way to restore flow to the San Joaquin and Trinity rivers. Water consultant Mark Reisner and the Nature Conservancy have worked with rice growers, the most water-intensive farmers, to promote a plan to store water on paddies, creating wetlands and riverside habitat during the winter. Perhaps the most important aspect of Reisner's project is that it has got the warring water users to talk to each other.

FORESTS

The state's 32.5 million acres of forest continue to shrivel. In the north, loggers blame environmentalists for "locking up" ancient forests by suing to protect the spotted owl and otherwise halt timbering, but with 90% of the original stands of redwood and Douglas fir already cut, loggers really have only themselves to blame. Says Richard Wilson, newly appointed head of the department of forestry and fire protection: "The loggers put money into buying more old growth rather than regrowing cut forests, and the trees are not there to feed the mills." To maximize short-term profits, many companies cut the trees at ever briefer intervals. "The M.B.A.s have turned forestry into a mining exercise," laments Wilson.

Roughly half the remaining ancient redwood forests have some form of protection, and the state is negotiating with the Pacific Lumber Co. to buy the 3,000-acre Headwaters Forest south of Eureka, the biggest remaining privately owned stand of ancient redwoods. This forest became a rallying point for environmentalists when Pacific Lumber doubled the cutting rate of its 1,000-year-old trees to service debt incurred in an Ivan Boesky-arranged leveraged buyout of the company by the Maxxam Corp.

Legal protection alone may not guarantee sur-

vival for ancient forests. The National Audubon Society charges that the U.S. Forest Service has allowed logging concerns to clear-cut sugar pine and cedar trees around giant sequoias in the 13,400 acres of groves it controls. This deprives the big trees of a protective windbreak, increases erosion and eliminates habitat for other creatures. Audubon's Dan Taylor says worsening air pollution drifting into the Sierra Nevada also threatens the sequoias.

Sooner or later, Californians will have to face the dire consequences of their activities. Resources secretary Douglas Wheeler predicts that the time will come when large companies begin to flee California because of ecological as well as other problems. "The point at which a major company gets fed up with bad air, scarce water, housing prices and traffic, and talks about future capital spending in Colorado or Arizona is the point at which you get a political response," he says.

Wheeler believes voters and environmentalists alike have become exhausted by the treadmill of lawsuits and initiatives. In 1990 voters defeated almost every proposition on the ballot, including a 1,600-page environmental package nicknamed "Big Green." As an alternative, Wheeler has been promoting a series of regional agreements among developers, environmentalists and other interests. He is currently attempting to negotiate a plan that would provide a haven for the gnatcatcher as an alternative to endangered-species protection. Though deeply suspicious of a state government that in the past has acted only when it was forced to, a number of environmentalists are willing to give this approach a try. Californians are beginning to realize that they must find some common ground if they are to arrest the slide.

—With reporting by Jeannie McDowell/Los Angeles

BATTING L.A.'S SMOG

BY JEANNE MC DOWELL

James Lents knows better than anyone else how difficult it will be to clean up the smoggy skies of Southern California. As executive officer of the South Coast Air Quality Management District (AQMD), Lents is charged with enforcing antipollution regulations in the 6,600-sq.-mi. area that encompasses Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino and Orange counties. The 12 million people, 8 million motor vehicles and 31,000 businesses in the area spew 1,246 tons of noxious gases into the air every day.

The southland's smoggy air largely results from poor atmospheric ventilation in the bowl-shaped South Coast Air Basin, where an "inversion layer" traps pollutants under a lid of hot air. In the daytime, ocean breezes waft pollution inland all across the basin. Then sunshine triggers a photochemical reaction that produces the highest ozone concentration in the U.S. Established in 1977, the district aims to bring Southern California's air quality into compliance with federal standards by 2010. If the agency falls short of that goal, Washington could take over. Given the terrain and the hodgepodge of local governments involved, only a regional agency stands a chance of developing a coherent smog-fighting strategy.

In 1989 the district developed an ambitious strategy that sets stringent emission levels for everything from motor vehicles and power plants to consumer products. To curb the southland's addiction to automobiles, businesses with more than 100 employ-

ees must provide incentives for car pooling and riding public transportation; the plan will soon be extended to firms with 50 or more workers. Companies that do not comply with the rules risk fines as high as \$25,000 a day.

Another district initiative, however, has angered environmentalists. A proposed "market-permit program" would allow businesses that meet emission-reduction targets to sell unused "emission credits" to firms that have failed to do so. Critics charge that the program would encourage well-heeled companies to buy their way out of compliance instead of reducing pollution.

While air quality in Southern California has improved substantially, the AQMD's record is mixed. For one thing, the agency has postponed its deadline for meeting federal standards from the original 2007 deadline. "We have made progress, and the air is much better than it was 20 years ago," says Lents, "but this is still the dirtiest air in the nation."

Change will come when industries start fleeing



smoggy day in L.A., 1991

PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

Manhattan native Henry Jaglom was appalled when he arrived in Los Angeles 26 years ago. To his Eastern eye it seemed that every billboard and bus bench in the city screamed out with advertisements extolling the rewards of the perfect body. "Coming from New York, you have an open-mouthed reaction to the way things are defined by the physical out here," says Jaglom, a filmmaker whose exercise previously consisted of walking and an occasional bike ride. "I thought it was all so superficial. I was very disdainful."

Soon, however, Jaglom made peace with and even embraced the fitness cult of California—although, ironically, he gets more exercise in Manhattan than in L.A. because people actually make a habit of walking in New York City. His latest film, *Eating*, is about women's struggling with society's message that a gorgeous physique is the ultimate virtue. The movie, says Jaglom, could have been set only in California, where people seem to talk more openly—and obsessively—about their bodies than anywhere else. "It's the healthiest thing about this place," says Jaglom, who divides his time between New York City and Los Angeles. "People say what they think here. They're not embarrassed about saying, 'I'm concerned about my body.' In the rest of the country, they don't admit it."

Jaglom's observation is a considerable overstatement, since by now fitness has become a nationwide preoccupation. But California, especially Southern California, was where the cult of the perfect body began and remains most frenzied: the birthplace of triathletes, personal trainers and the 24-hour gym; a place where celebrities have their Ferraris valet-parked at trendy sports clubs and smoking ranks higher on the list of social no-no's than drowning kittens. It is where Tony Roberts, portraying a Broadway actor who finds success in Los Angeles in the movie *Annie Hall*, explains that he has encased himself in foil-like eternal-youth suit because it "keeps out the alpha rays ... You don't get old." It is the place where cruciferous vegetables were first worshiped. As the millennium draws near, a refurbished Muscle Beach stands as a clogged monument to the mesomorphic, hikers and bikers create traffic jams all over the diminishing wilderness, and rollers and herbologists find themselves more in demand than ever.

Even in health-conscious California the real cultists represent only a small minority of residents (most Californians worry more about housing prices, rising taxes, gangs and traffic congestion than about the contours of their deltoids). Yet the body addicts have pushed the pursuit of the flawless physique to its furthest extremes, etching forever the notion of California narcissism upon the psyche of the nation. For these fitness fanatics the goal is not just to look good but to look perfect. And if perfection cannot be achieved through exercise, to resort to surgery to attain it.



Muscle Beach, Venice, Calif.

"My patients are already working out in gyms; they're not 98-lb. weaklings," says Dr. Brian Novack, a busy Beverly Hills plastic surgeon who offers a dizzying array of body-altering operations. "Here, the emphasis is not getting a face-lift when you need it, but getting one before you need it." Late last year Novack has immersed himself in a hot new field: implanting silicone in men in search of chiseled pectorals, firm buttocks, bulging calves and strong chins. One wonders what Walt Whitman would have had to say about that. ■



***"I dote on myself,
there is
that lot of me and all
so luscious."***

—Walt Whitman
Song of Myself



BY SCOTT BROWN

How GRAY Is My VALLEY

Silicon Valley: the place is synonymous with bright ideas, fresh fortunes and sunny forecasts. But right now the mood in this region 40 miles southeast of San Francisco suggests a name like Gloom Gulch. Gone are the days when development spread like brush fire across the region and upstart businesses leaped from garages to the *Fortune* 500. Absent are the fuzzy-cheeked genius entrepreneurs, the companies hungry for workers and a city so wealthy it once considered giving back \$1 million in tax revenue to its citizens. Says Lawrence Stone, a city councilman in Sunnyvale, which no longer has a surplus, as he recalls the glory days: "Instant millionaires. Every day there was a firm doing a public offering and spin-offs being created. Everyone was on a high-tech surfboard. It was a lot of fun."

Today the double whammy of a lingering U.S. recession and a maturing of high-tech industries has made life in Silicon Valley considerably less buoyant. Employment, profits and housing prices are down, traffic congestion is up, and the occasional layer of smog now looms overhead. "The vision we've had about this place has changed," says Stone. "Economically, we're a region at risk." In what is probably the ultimate indignity, some residents say the area is becoming like Los Angeles. "The Valley," notes Thomas Mandel, a futurist for the consulting firm SRI, "is going through a mid-life crisis."

Nothing provides a better testament to the past decade's growth binge than the headlong rise and subsequent stall of home prices in Santa Clara County. From March 1985 to March 1990, the median price of homes zoomed from \$125,000 to \$235,000. Real estate appreciation ran at 3% a month, and most listings attracted multiple offers within 72 hours. Today 8,700 homes (median price: \$226,500) languish on the market. "In Santa Clara County, it's a sacred thing: property values go up," says San Jose Realtor John Pinto, a Brooklyn native who came to the Valley believing it was the best place in the U.S. to live. He steps to walk at the lone pedestrian he can see through one of his plate-glass windows facing a main street. Though it is rush hour, the boulevard is eerily quiet. "This is as bad as it's been," says Pinto.

The Valley has gone through slumps before. Recession buffeted the region in 1981-82, but the explosive growth of personal computing brought the ailing industry charging back. In 1985 foreign competition, mostly from Japan, made serious inroads into

The land of high tech suffers a wrenching mid-life crisis

the semiconductor market. From late 1984 to early 1986, the region lost nearly 33,000 jobs, or 4% of the work force. Just a year later, those jobs and more were reclaimed when a surge of new products and an infusion of venture capital helped rekindle the region's growth. Regis McKenna, Silicon Valley's pre-eminent marketing consultant, says he has seen half a dozen recessions in his 31 years in the Valley. "Every three years we go through these cyclical changes," he says. "In the course of them, people predict that the Valley is changing or coming to an end."

This time, however, many people believe the outcome will be different. Short of a product revolution, nothing on the horizon promises to bring a quick fix to the area's economy. "In the past, our recessions have been shaped like a V," says Richard Carlson of Spectrum Economics, a Mountain View consulting firm. "We dropped down sharply but came back roaring. This time it looks more like an L." Unemployment in Santa Clara County, once stuck perennially at about 3%, now stands at 5.5%. In the past year, two of the valley's pillars—Apple Computer and National Semiconductor—announced worldwide layoffs in the thousands.

Some of the dramatic decline in revenues can be attributed to the recession. But defense spending, which fueled many of the area's businesses and made Sunnyvale the state's second largest recipient of federal contract dollars (after Los Angeles), may never come back to 1980s levels. In another sense, the Valley is suffering from its own success. The rising cost of doing business in the area has ignited an exodus of manufacturing operations to foreign countries and to other parts of the U.S. ranging from Idaho to the Carolinas. And in the final cutting irony, the revolution in personal computing has turned the PC into a relatively low-priced commodity, so that electronics firms now face greater competition for shrinking profits.

The culture of entrepreneurship is fading fast. The most telling sign of that is the route that venture capital, the lifeblood of new growth and technologies, now takes through the Valley. Simply put, it has stopped flowing into the fledgling businesses that spawned the success and defined the culture of the region. Though overall investment has increased in Silicon Valley, most seed money is now conservatively parked in middle-aged operations. Meanwhile, the costs of underwriting a new



venture have skyrocketed. "There were days when \$10 million would take a company from start-up to an initial public offering," says Robert Miller, chairman of MIPS Computer Systems in Sunnyvale. "Today the average is \$40 million to \$50 million." Adds Carlson: "The companies that were going to be the Apples of the '90s are in Chapter 11 now."

That doesn't mean that people have stopped dreaming. They have just learned to dream smaller. Phil Sih, 33, is managing director of his third start-up company in seven years, a small electronic-communications firm called DHC Associates. Sih is a true believer in the Valley's potential for entrepreneurs, but he acknowledges that finding investors to seed innovative visions is no longer the easy ride it once was. "There's still a tremendous degree of entrepreneurial spirit," he says. "But the days of people taking huge amounts of venture capital and turning it into 'burn-and-go' start-ups is less of a reality. You have to be much better now than you did then."

Complexity and competition are two prime reasons. Personal computers that were designed in garages have been supplanted by immensely powerful workstations that can do the work that million-dollar mainframes once did. Individual microchips now wield the processing capabilities of desk-size computers of the mid-1980s. Developing such sophisticated products can be far more expensive and risky than it was just a few years ago, so it has increasingly become the province of multibillion-dollar global behemoths.

Not all the upstarts have surrendered. One of the best success stories belongs to TJ (for Thurman John) Rodgers, the latest entrepreneur to serve as the region's enfant terrible. The sandy-haired, squarely built former Dartmouth lineman remains bullish about the Valley's future. In eight years Rodgers has built Cypress Semiconductor Corp., into a \$300 million concern specializing in high-performance specialty chips and featuring financial cost controls that include a careful monitoring of dinner tabs from employee expense reports (dinner limit: \$50). "I don't think Silicon Valley has changed at all," says Rodgers, dismissing the gloom as "the lingo of losers." He adds: "It's the story of the Valley that's changed."

In Rodgers' view the future potential of the region should not be judged on the basis of the slumps being experienced by Valley big guns such as National Semiconductor and Advanced Micro Devices, a collection of companies he calls "the dinosaur club." Rodgers contends that these firms have failed to stay hungry and competitive. As a result, they have led people to believe the electronics industry requires protectionist legislation and subsidies to survive. "We should not equate their lobbying as lobbying for Silicon Valley," he says bluntly. "This is still the center of the technology world."



A laid-off Apple Computer employee protests the company's cutbacks at a rally last summer in Cupertino, Calif.

Price wars and weak demand have put a squeeze on profits at Quantum Corp., a fast-growing maker of disk drives



For all the current woes, that distinction remains true. At the end of 1990, Silicon Valley had three times the number of jobs and twice the number of electronics firms with sales of \$5 million or more as the next largest technology region, the area along Massachusetts' Route 128. While sales of computer hardware may be struggling, software is booming. Several software companies—among them Adobe Systems and Symantec Corp.—have lately posted record profits. But how much dynamism will remain in five years? With manufacturing moving out to cheaper areas, many locals fear that the Valley may simply end up as a research-and-development backwater. Moreover, at a time when American investors remain wary of committing to new companies, more and more Japanese companies are funding start-ups, which prompts worries that foreign ownership may eventually characterize the region.

Two decades ago, the notion that bucolic, orchard-filled Santa Clara County would become the world's capital of anything would have seemed ludicrous, especially to its residents. Sunnyvale councilman Stone remembers how concerned one of his campaign workers was in 1975 because her son had dropped out of college to tinker away in the garage. Stone advised Mrs. Wozniak to be patient, that the boy would soon tire of his pursuits and return to school. But Steve Wozniak co-founded Apple Computer instead. "Silicon Valley snuck up on us," Stone muses. "Now it's a modern legend." But will the Valley remain the stuff of legend? All it needs is a few more revolutionaries again—the kind who sort of sneak up on you.



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IBM

BY JORDAN BONFANTE



How L.A. CAPTURED PRIME TIME

At the age of 18, Darren Star surprised his large, tight-knit family in suburban Potomac, Md., by moving to far-out Los Angeles. Within a few years, he wrote and sold the script for *Doin' Time on Planet Earth*, a film about a teenager who thinks he's from outer space. After that, Star never looked back. Today, at 30, he draws a six-figure income as the creator of *Beverly Hills, 90210*, the Thursday-night melodrama that has captured the teen audience by portraying youthful angst and L.A. glitz. Star owns a house in the Hollywood Hills, drives a Porsche convertible, lifts weights and romps with his retriever at his Malibu beach hideaway. "I based *90210* on my experience coming out here," says Star. "What a different life-style! I mean I never saw so many Ferraris and Rolls-Royces. I guess I've adjusted to California life."

The industry that Star works in has made the same transition. Once controlled by New York City-based advertisers and entertainment executives, prime-time television since the early 1970s—when strict limits on the networks' own production took effect—has become more and more a captive of Los Angeles. It is especially dominated by a small but powerful group of L.A.-based writer-producers who year after year create the lion's share of successful prime-time programs. Numbering no more than 150, they serve as the industry's permanent bureaucracy, remaining in place while studio chiefs and network honchos come and go. As a result, they have gained enormous influence over what is broadcast into America's living rooms. This group, says Elizabeth Thoman, executive director of the Center for Media and Values in Los Angeles, has replaced "the storytelling aunts and uncles we don't have anymore."

Who belongs to this elite? Though they reside in the most ethnically mixed city in America, the most powerful writer-producers are no more diverse than the U.S. Senate. They are, on the average, 41 years old. Nine out of 10 are male, and 98% are white. Many easily earn \$1 million a year or more. Most important, though the majority hail from the East and Midwest, they have steeped themselves in the gushy, vaguely countercultural sensibility that flourishes in some affluent precincts of Los Angeles. "A Republican is not unheard of—but rare," says Charles Slocum, an industry analyst with the Writers Guild in Hollywood. "Most are liberal Democrats and idealists. They have the baby boomers' we-can-change-the-world mentality of the '60s."

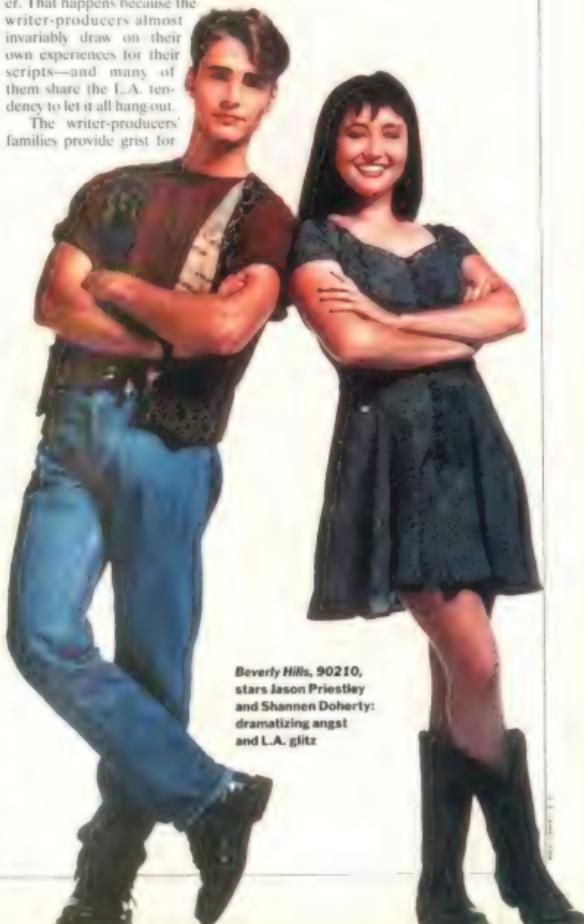
In recent years this powerful clique of prime-time producers has responded to the challenge of cable programming by grasping for ever bolder contemporary themes they hope will win the do-or-die ratings war—and there is no better source for such material than Southern California. Thus Los Angeles and its environs have been the setting for a steady stream of TV series—from *The Beverly Hillbillies* (1962-71) to *Beverly Hills, 90210*, as well as *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, *Blossom*, *L.A. Law* and *Baywatch*—in which the sunshine, free-floating

wackiness and materialistic life-styles of Los Angeles are at least as important as any character. Says producer Paul Junger Witt, who has five shows on prime time right now (including *Golden Girls*, *Empty Nest* and *Nurses*): "California and especially Los Angeles represent some sort of magical place to the rest of the world. It makes good business sense to plug into that fantasy. It's juicy stuff."

The Los Angeles mentality also seeps into shows with no explicit California connection. "We California-ize everything, whether it's set in California or not," says TV and film writer Lew Hunter. That happens because the writer-producers almost invariably draw on their own experiences for their scripts—and many of them share the L.A. tendency to let it all hang out.

The writer-producers' families provide grist for

...and turned it into a platform for California's seductive themes



Beverly Hills, 90210,
stars Jason Priestley
and Shannen Doherty:
dramatizing angst
and L.A. glitz

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Will Smith of *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*: sunshine, wackiness and materialism



WHAT CALIFORNIA'S BEAMIN'

RACIAL TOLERANCE

The racially mixed casts of *L.A. Law*, *True Colors* and *Pros & Cons* mirror Californians' claim that they are less prejudiced than other Americans.

ENVIRONMENTALISM

Doing the right thing for the environment is standard operating procedure for characters like Blossom, who was recently shown using the recycling bin in her kitchen, and the mother on *Major Dad*, who routinely wears a *SAVE THE EARTH* button.

MAKING BABIES

Traditional childbearing has virtually disappeared from the screen. Recently Murphy Brown became pregnant out of wedlock, Mary Jo of *Designing Women* decided to impregnate herself with a sperm-bank specimen she affectionately calls Bongo, and a male extraterrestrial gave birth on *Alien Nation*.

SECULARISM

California has one of the lowest percentages of regular churchgoers of any state. As a result, there is an almost complete absence of religious content on prime time. But there is plenty of sacrifice, as when Bart Simpson says grace: "Dear God, we paid for all this stuff ourselves, so thanks for nothing."

MATERIALISM

The BMWs on *Beverly Hills, 90210*, and Hilary's spoiled-brat fashions on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* underscore Californians' passion for high-priced possessions.

SEXUALITY

During the current season, at least six shows, from *Roseanne* to *Doogie Howser, M.D.*, have dealt explicitly with teenage sex. As writer-producer Darren Star puts it, "L.A. is a very sexy place."

their creations, as do their divorces or memberships in the Alcoholics Anonymous-style self-help programs that are the rage in Los Angeles these days. In a recent episode of *Anything but Love*, Hannah and her boyfriend Marty frolicked under the sheets for nearly the whole half-hour. The concept "was entirely drawn out of my passionate relationship with my wife," says executive producer Peter Noah. "We have also had plenty of fights, and if I get my way, every one of them is going to end up on television." Don Reo, creator of *Blossom*, observes that many programs besides his own feature dysfunctional families headed by single fathers. "Most of them are created by guys who are divorced," says Reo, who for a time was a divorced father raising three children. He laughs. "The reason they do them must be wish fulfillment. They're subliminally trying to kill their ex-wives."

Reo and others like to think their shows are pushing the boundaries of what is acceptable on TV by tackling serious issues such as teen drug addiction, "responsible" sex and menstruation. Some critics think they have pushed too far. Says Terry Rakolta, a Michigan mother of four who founded Americans for Responsible Television: "I don't know if it's 'Californian' as such, but the entertainment community there knows sex and violence sell. They know it's low cost per thousand—cheap, fast and dirty."

The writer-producers reply that their shows are merely reflecting, not inspiring, societal changes that are well under way. But many of the trends the programs reflect get started in L.A. "There is a distinctly 'Hollywoodian' perspective layered on top of the 'Californian' one on television," says David Stewart, a market-research psychologist at U.S.C. "It's novelty seeking, eccentric and nonconformist, as artists tend to be. It wants to reject traditional values. But that's one of the reasons the Hollywood people are here, after all. This was a place where they were welcomed, or at least tolerated."

Even so, the prime-time producers themselves caution against taking their sitcoms too seriously. "Heard the one about the two brain surgeons?" asks Reo. "Their patient has just died, and one of them bursts into tears. 'Take it easy,' the other surgeon consoles him. 'We're not producing a sitcom!'" Come to think of it, the adventures of two bumbling brain surgeons could make a good gallows-humor sitcom—provided, of course, that it was set in L.A. —With reporting by Erwin Washington/
Los Angeles

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CLOSE-UP: TWO BOOM TOWNS

BY GARRY WILLS

To the astonishment of its citizens, who have maintained a hangdog pride in being off the beaten path, Fresno has become one of the fastest-growing major cities in America. In Fresno people had always felt that they were in California but not of it—a little bit of Iowa under the palm trees. Now their sleepy farm town is growing nearly as fast as crops planted in the dull, rich land of the surrounding San Joaquin Valley.

Why the great influx? Fresno, so proudly un-Californian in the past, is one of the few places in the state that have not already reached a choke-off point for high prices, pollution, crime or the fear of those things. The city is growing by fleeing itself—in developments rising, tier on tier, northward toward the banks of the San Joaquin River. A local columnist calls those living in the posh new homes “branch and chain people”: executives for the local branch of whatever banks, credit companies, insurance firms are represented here. Yet even less affluent people are selling medium-size homes on expensive property elsewhere to build bigger places for less money in Fresno. Over and over one hears that the land and home bargains are still here—though one hears just as often an apprehension that they are about to run out. People repeat, almost like a mantra, that this is a peaceful community, a good place to raise kids. Mayor Karen Humphrey says, “The city is like the Midwest, very family oriented, very friendly.”

Friendly it surely is. At the huge People's Church, presided over by a local celebrity, G.I. Johnson, and his 16 assistant pastors, I run a gauntlet of “greeters” using all their skills for instant intimacy. Opening the service, Pastor Johnson says, “Turn to your neighbor and smile, turn all around and smile. I like fellowship. I like to see people hug a lot.” As one leaves the huge parking lot, a sign proclaims, YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE MISSION FIELD, and people drive out smiling the gospel of Fresno. A prosperous-looking dentist's office has on its sign: DR. SO-AND-SO, D.D.S., DENTISTRY FOR SMILES.

Those smiles draw some people here, but others wonder how long the small-town feeling or the friendliness can last. The metropolitan area has a population of 477,400 (it was 358,800 a decade ago), and the number is expected to double in the next 10 years. The U.S. government used Fresno as a dumping ground for refugees created by its actions in Indochina, particularly the mountain Laotians called Hmong. There are 31,000 Hmong in the area, many clustered in a neighborhood known as Ban Vinal—for the refugee camp some of them came from. The ethnic mix has placed heavy burdens on the school system, and gangs are forming among the young.

FRESNO

THE LAST REAL CALIFORNIA



While the future ruses in, Fresno clings to its small-town past: the Crest Theater, built in 1949



Harvesting grapes at a vineyard in the fertile San Joaquin Valley

One of the more endearing things about Fresno is its combination of optimism and self-deprecation: when it turned up at the bottom of a list of cities ranked according to “livability” during the 1980s, it went along with CBS's spoof of *Dallas*, the mini-series *Fresno*, starring Carol Burnett. Citizens, including the former mayor, took parts.

But city government is no laughing matter as Fresno faces new problems like pollution, which has been added to the seasonal scourges—droughts and freezes—that always imperil Fresno's huge yields of cotton, grapes, nuts and cantaloupes. The struggle for water is perennial here, as elsewhere in California. Russell Fey, a former city planner in Modesto who now teaches urban studies at California State University, Fresno, thinks the city should prevent “leapfrog” growth by instituting zoning regulations. But the electorate resents regulation; residential water meters are only now being installed in older Fresno homes, in part because voters

have been so resistant.

The city council currently sits in a small chamber, where Mayor Humphrey presides over the other six members with enthusiastic informality. Her council includes two Armenians, one Hispanic and one African American. Mayor Humphrey sees the new \$33 million city hall being constructed as a riposte to those who write off the downtown or who cling to the image of Fresno as an agrarian market town. Despite her claim about the place's Midwestern qualities, she sides with those who believe the city can meet its challenges only if it thinks in terms as cosmopolitan as its new population. The city hall is the very model of a computerized managerial center. Its council chamber has a Big Brother-like screen on which blueprints and other exhibits can be projected. The building is meant to say that Fresno, off in its corner, is becoming a crossroads of the world.

The mayor's critics say Fresno should not get too big for its britches. It remains a hick town in some ways, short on cultural resources. The main entertainment events are football games in the Fresno State Bulldogs' stadium, to which townspeople flock, all wearing red shirts, and tailgate parties are the nearest thing to a town meeting.

Is the flashy new city hall a space vehicle that has crashed in a deserted spot, or a civic control ship about to take off? The populace is divided on that. But even the gloomy ones are surprisingly good-natured as they grumble. For in Fresno even root-canal work can be dentistry for smiles. If loopy optimism and defiance of the odds are what made this state in the first place, then un-California Fresno may be the last real California left. ■

Garry Wills' latest book is *Under God*.

BY GUS LEE

What is the California Dream? And whatever it is, where can it be found? In the past seven years, 118,000 modern-day pathfinders have located a form of it in Moreno Valley, a new city 70 miles southeast of Los Angeles and 42 miles from Disneyland.

Stand in the Lake Perris foothills and look north to the hard browns and purples of the Badland hills and the San Gorgonios Mountains: between the lake and the peaks, Moreno Valley sprawls across the desert floor. While dust devils dance on the shimmering sand, summer heat relentlessly fills all spaces. This is pioneer and pathfinder country, a desert that developers turned into the mother of all real estate opportunities by diverting water from the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta and the Oroville reservoir, far to the north. This is a place for hardworking parents, with wagon-train hearts, seeking picket-fenced yards, swing sets and quiet streets, for people who can endure temperatures in the 100s and can drive three hours a day to work and back.

I call these people Y-CHOPS—Young Commuting Home-Owning Parents—a new version of an old ideal of the American nuclear family. They have come to Moreno Valley because a home in more established California cities can cost as much as a space shuttle. In "MoVal" a typical four-bedroom house on a 7,500-sq.-ft. lot costs \$140,000. The affordable homes and quality of life have made Moreno Valley the fastest growing city in America.

Today three out of four working "MoVallers" merge with thousands of other competitive free-way high achievers driving on gas, caffeine, ambition, ozone depletion and sleep deprivation for the two hours of freewaying to Los Angeles or the 1½-hour drive to Orange County. This mass evacuation leaves MoVal half empty during the day. But the American urge for home ownership and its coveted symbols—a swing in the yard, idyllic neighborhoods and progressive public schools—is so powerful that the commute is accepted as part of the natural price of the Dream, a bearable surcharge on happiness, part of being a Y-CHOP.

Most Y-CHOPS are white. The evolving MoVal family has one parent commuting to work and one staying home with two children in a single-family dwelling, in a safe neighborhood with church and grandparents nearby. You can almost see Ward, June, Wally and Beaver Cleaver in the house across the street and hear the rush of a tail-finned T-Bird cruising by, with Elvis and Buddy Holly blasting from the radio through tiny pre-Dolby speakers. Many of the streets are laid out in that cookie-cutter pattern of curves and cul-de-sacs familiar from Steven Spielberg movies. You know the scene: a tract-house version of the Norman Rockwell family seated at the breakfast table, dog in the corner waiting breathlessly for some scraps. In the congestion of all these American icons, say hello to Moreno Valley in the 1990s.

Kristin and Bo Knutson are Y-CHOPS who came

MORENO VALLEY

HOME OF THE Y-CHOP



The curving streets and cul-de-sacs could be the set of a Spielberg movie



The Knutson family:
Kristin, Alana, Bo
and Zak

to Moreno Valley in 1988. They were looking for a place for Kristin's parents to retire, but it was so beguilingly peaceful and appealingly inexpensive that they decided to stay. Now Kristin's parents provide a presence for Zak, 17, and help raise Alana, 1. Kristin believes that the combination of town and school is better for her children than that in their former home. She commutes three hours a day to her neonatal intensive-care nursing job at Childrens Hospital of Orange County. For the first time, the Knutsons have enough living space; at night they hear crickets. Kristin is articulate, insightful, responsible—though Y-CHOPS is an acronym for psycho, Y-CHOPS are anything but. "This is a new community," Kristin says. "We have an opportunity to influence the future, to shape it. Older cities are set and hard to change." The order of their home, the front-yard bougainvillea, the serenity of the neighborhood—all say, as emphatically as her

words, that moving to MoVal was the right thing for her and her family.

One reason is that MoVal is also a place for PY-CHOPS—the Parents of Young Commuting Home-Owning Parents. Ivy Crawford, a retired county senior-citizen outreach worker, moved from Los Angeles to MoVal in 1984 for "peace and quietness" and the pleasure of being near her two granddaughters. How would she feel if she were unable to spend as much time with a second generation of children? She smiles and says, "I'd go crazy if I couldn't see them every day."

For MoVal's mayor, Judy Nieburger, and her staff of professional managers and energetic volunteers, the big challenge is protecting the quality of life while the population expands. Two-thirds of MoVal workers have some college education, and the percentage of residents with bachelor's degrees is increasing. Three out of four workers are between the ages of 25 and 44. They are neatly distributed among blue collar, technical, professional and management, with the vast majority full-time workers. The city has attracted a business from Asia—Borneo International Furniture—but is still seeking major American companies that will help MoVal dedicate its human energy to work and home, rather than to work, home and the freeways. Having a big employer in the neighborhood would help eliminate the Y-CHOP dilemma: families need safety and community, but to attain them, one or both parents must spend a major portion of life on the road.

It is self-evident that children need time with parents, that sons need the time of their fathers. The failure to universally fulfill these needs represents the high price Y-CHOPS pay to live like Ward, June, Wally and the Beave. So far the trade seems worth it, but they would much rather not have to make the choice. Until they can drop the C from their acronym, the Y-CHOPS' version of the California Dream will not be complete. ■

Gus Lee is the author of *China Boy*.

BY MARTHA DUFFY

SPICY BLEND OF EAST AND WEST

Pacific Rim cooking is the latest gourmet buzz



Chinois on Main's lobster risotto with ginger and julienne of green onions

Lunctime in Beverly Hills. A bold, bright, high-ceilinged room with sun streaming through the skylights and a mighty bamboo tree thrusting toward the roof. The regulars, mostly show-biz honchos, pour into Chaya Brasserie to talk their way through low-cal power meals. The plates, sprouting salad greens, look conventional at first, but in fact, the fare is novel: a combination of the vaunted California cuisine (roughage) and subtler accents from Asia—tuna and salmon tartare, lemongrass, ginger. Called Cal-Asian cuisine or Pacific Rim cookery, it is the latest gourmet buzz.

The idea of Pacific Rim cuisine began taking shape about 10 years ago. It can be several things, but it is never merely a transplanted ethnic cuisine. Instead it is an unpredictable culinary reflection of California's ethnic mix. Typically a chef or sous-chef may be Chinese or Japanese and may have trained in France or Italy. He or she may mix several Pacific traditions into what could be called a pan-Asian cuisine, or perhaps add just a few Far Eastern touches to American or French dishes.

The best-known pioneer of Pacific Rim cooking is Wolfgang Puck, California's reigning celebrity chef. When it comes to dining, he maintains, Californians love novelty. "There are so many cul-

tures with exciting cuisines here," observes the Austrian-born Puck. "After all, the culinary heritage of Thailand is more interesting than Poland's. Californians are very open. They're less likely than back East to go for pot roast or baked scrod!" When he started up Spago in Beverly Hills, he employed young Asians in his kitchen. In 1983 Puck decided to look East himself—Far East—with Chinois on Main in Santa Monica, now a California temple. His 2½-year-old Postrio in San Francisco is also a Pacific Rim hot spot.

Other visionaries were stirring. San Francisco restaurateur Jeremiah Tower was teaching Cal-Asian cooking with Ken Frank, who opened La Toque in Los Angeles to show off his ideas. At the same time, ethnic communities were growing rapidly, especially around Los Angeles. The town of Westminster in Orange County was becoming a vast Little Saigon, eerily reminiscent of Vietnam two decades ago. Monterey Park is now the modern Chinatown, where purist chefs from Hong Kong disdain any mixed methods—and draw their own faithful crowds.

It was only a matter of time before the impulse to marry East to West became irresistible. Says Barry Wine, whose Quilted Giraffe in Manhattan

The gift that'll make everyone smile.





is a rare East Coast Cal-Asian spot: "You can do this only in America, where there is less cultural baggage to lift." Nobu Matsuhisa, whose eponymous Beverly Hills restaurant serves masterly food, observes, "Here I use French truffles and Caspian caviar. Why not?"

The new menus would not be nearly as popular if the food did not appeal to Californians' health consciousness. Thai food, in particular, is healthful. The flavors tend to be clean and clear, the colors bright, the presentation light and graceful.

Cal-Asian cuisine—as distinct from wok and stir-fry cooking—is still largely a dining-out rather than a domestic phenomenon. Some culinary sophistication is called for: "You can't just plop Asian ingredients into French food or vice versa," says Tower. "And some Western things shouldn't be touched; I wouldn't give up *sauce béarnaise* for the world."

Still, it probably won't be long before cookbooks crop up and more people start experimenting. Asian markets are attracting not only their own ethnic shoppers but the whole community as well. Tower recalls that five years ago he found a supplier of exotic Thai and Indian commodities who every week produced something he had never seen before. Now much of it is at the local Safeway: fresh turmeric, several kinds of Thai basil, gingers like galangale, and strange fruits, including the dread durian, which tastes sublime but smells foul.

There are entertainers and purists. Noa Noa, in Beverly Hills, is a sort of post-Polynesian circus of a

place that features oddities like "mashed potatoes with chicken in Asian whole-grain mustard sauce." In San Francisco, Bruce Cost runs a superserious Chinese-style spot called Monsoon. He prods his clientele to try the pig's feet and the innards, and zealously guards the freshness of his food. And when Cost says fresh fish, he means alive almost until the fork hits it, "not a dead fish that's been sitting around for eight hours."

What no amount of ingenuity or international esprit can do is create a dessert menu. The concept is alien to Asia. But in California that is a mere detail. *Tiramisu*, Venice's current contribution to international menus, is popular. Crème brûlée, the chic dessert of the '80s, gets a mild Asian make-over—with ginger, mint, chocolate or mandarin orange added.

Opinions vary on just how far the cuisine will spread in the U.S.—but it is definitely traveling westward, back along the Rim. In fact, Jeremiah Tower is already singing the praises of the best, most balanced French-Asian fare he has ever sampled—in, of all places, Adelaide, Australia. California may have to start looking over its shoulder. ■



Chaya Brasserie's chef displays lobster with leeks, broccoli and bok choy



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FROM KILLING FIELDS TO MEAN STREETS

The middle-aged man had fled Cambodia to save his family from the genocidal Khmer Rouge. Now, as he stalked furiously back and forth across the grimy patio behind a cramped bungalow in the Little Phnom Penh section of Long Beach, he saw a very different threat materializing—with in his own family. His 14-year-old son, gang-named Flipper, and another homeboy, Slice, 18, were bragging to a stranger about a shoot-out.

"I'm on the corner phone with my girlfriend," Slice recounted. "The Messiah drives up and yells, 'What set you from?' I yell it ain't none of his business, and he busts three caps [shoots three bullets] at me. I take out my gun and bust four back . . ." At that point, the father began to wave his arms and shout. Friends of Slice's and Flipper's pushed the man firmly back inside his house. "Parents don't understand," shrugged Flipper.

In the bizarre and bloody world of Southern California gang life, armed and alienated children are guerrilla warriors. Cambodian gangs battling Hispanic gangs is but the newest infection. Ira Reiner, district attorney for Los Angeles County (pop. 8,776,000), estimates that 150,000 gang members operate in his jurisdiction alone. They range from subteen "pee-wees" to as many as 13,000 hard-core killers. Last year in the county the gangs accounted

for 18,059 violent felonies and 690 deaths. Nearly every ethnic group is represented in the mayhem: the highly publicized black Bloods and Crips; multigenerational Hispanic groups that account for nearly two-thirds of all California gangs; whites; Asians; Pacific Islanders; and Jewish and Armenian groups.

The kid who traded shots with Slice was a member of the East Side Longos, a large Mexican-American gang rooted in the Hispanic community that settled along Anaheim Street in Long Beach (pop. 429,000) after World War II. Three decades later, Cambodian immigrants seeking affordable homes arrived. "At school the Mexicans looked down upon us and hurt us," recalls Mad Dog, 29, a "retired" homeboy whose mother was a Phnom Penh university professor. "We saw that American people had groups, white with white, black with black. We decided to become more famous. If they could steal cars and do drive-by shootings, so could we."

In Southern California that was a logical step for the young Cambodians to take. "You land in a

**The street-gang virus
is now
infecting
Cambodian
refugees**

In Long Beach, members of the Korat Boyz and the Crazy Brozers Clan show off gang hand signs



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"In a gang neighborhood, it might seem natural to form a militia."

gang neighborhood, it might seem natural to form a militia to defend yourself," explains Steve Valdivia, director of Los Angeles County's Community Youth Gang Services Project. Nearly all the state's street gangs started out copying Hispanic "cholo" (lowlife) styles. Scholars trace Hispanic gangs back to the 1920s, when Roman Catholic parishes organized social clubs for children who felt unwelcome at white high school dances. Despite drive-by shootings and drug trafficking, the gangs were tolerated as a "community" issue for half a century. Explains former gangster Ysmael Pereira, 48, who is now a gang counselor: "The code was always to keep it quiet."

Harassed by the East Side Longos, the Cambodians organized gangs with names like Tiny Rascals and Asian Boyz. They



David, a.k.a. Devil, a member of the Long Beach Asian Boyz, on the gang's home turf

helped swell Long Beach's gang membership to more than 10,000. Mad Dog and the others imitated their enemies. They "kicked back on street corners and marked their turf with graffiti. Between turf shoot-outs, they also began to extort "protection" money from local businessmen. Fearing reprisals, the merchants have rarely complained. Gang detective Norman Sorenson remembers contacting dozens of Cambodian merchants after police found a detailed list of extortion victims in the ear of a Tiny Rascals leader. "They all denied it," says Sorenson. Cambodian gangsters killed their first East Side Longo in a retaliatory drive-by in October 1989. Gang-related deaths last year: 46.

Many Cambodian gang members became hardened to violence during their escape from the killing fields of Southeast Asia. "I remember walking and walking," recalls Little Devil, 16, describing his family's trek out of Cambodia when he was five. "If we didn't keep up, we'd be lost." Perhaps because of their past globe-trot-

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"If other panels could do drive-by shootings, so could we."

ting, Cambodian gang members can be astonishingly mobile. When Long Beach cops saturated the "Anaheim corridor" this summer after a burst of shoot-outs, the Cambodian gangs vanished. "They took off for Stockton and Modesto – maybe farther," says Mike Nen, an ethnic-Cambodian cop. Adds gang detective Sorenson: "The Hispanics sit on the corner and stare at you. The Asians might fly to Chicago."

Some observers think the East Side Longos would be wise to get airplane tickets too. "The Cambodians know what real war is," says Nen's partner, Patrolman Dan Brooks. "The Hispanics have a street mentality. They shoot on impulse and go home thinking they're safe. But the Cambodians know better." When combat looms, for example, Cambodian gang members sometimes call in reinforcements from hundreds of miles away. Little Devil is an Oriental Lazy Boy from downtown Los Angeles who rode into Long Beach recently with Lazy Boys from Tacoma to help battle the Longos. They left when one of the visiting Lazy Boys was wounded.

"The real issue is family breakdown," says Benton Samana, a Buddhist monk. "Don't believe that snow job about the kids joining gangs to protect themselves." In Southeast Asia, parents take wayward children to monks for counseling. In providing that service here, Samana constantly encounters war-related emotional problems, such as withdrawn or hysterical parents suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder. "Their children think they are wacky," he explains. "They don't want to be around them."

State and local officials have been unable to come up with any comprehensive solution to the gang problem. Meanwhile, demography is making radical changes in Southern California's gang life. South Central Los Angeles, where the Bloods and Crips began, now has more immigrant Latino youths than African-American kids. Poor black families have moved out, sometimes to the South, to keep their children out of gangs. "In five years," says educator David Flores, a gang expert who runs special school programs, "the Crips and Bloods will cease to be a serious problem there." Perhaps. But Sergeant Wes McBride, a gang expert with the sheriff's department, predicts that "Hispanic Bloods and Crips" may soon fill the vacuum left by the departing black gang members. On Southern California's mean streets, faces change, but the conditions that breed gangs have not. ■

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HOT HOUSE OF CHAMPIONS

When O.J. Simpson reflects on his childhood in San Francisco, it is not the house on the hill he remembers most but the football field up the street. Simpson grew up in a low-income housing project, but he lived on the fields and in the gym of the public sports park nearby, honing the skills that would take him to the pro-football Hall of Fame. The well-maintained facility was home to leagues in virtually every sport. "For the gangs of those days, the rec center was the focus of activity," Simpson recalls. "There was always room, and there were always opportunities."

For legions of elite athletes like Simpson, California remains the land of upward mobility. The state has produced legions of homegrown sports stars (sprinter Florence Griffith Joyner, high diver Greg Louganis, slugger Darryl Strawberry) and has polished the skills of legions more who moved to California to train (swimmer Janet Evans, decathlete Jackie Joyner-Kersee, volleyball player Karch Kiraly). From title-winning ice skaters (Debi Thomas) to record-setting long jumpers (Mike Powell), from Olympic champion swimmers (Matt Biondi) to gold-medal skiers (Bill Johnson), California is the American sports machine. Nearly 30% of the U.S. athletes at the 1988 Summer Olympics were native or transplanted Californians. They won 30 medals—32% of the U.S. total.

Some of the reasons for the dominance of California athletes are obvious. First is nearly ideal year-round weather; in much of the state, the idea of a rain delay is a foreign concept. "It was just natural that we played sports anywhere, anytime," says Cheryl Miller, a Los Angeles native who developed into one of the best women basketball players of all time and a 1984 Olympic gold medalist. "I certainly wouldn't have been the player I was if I grew up somewhere else."

Then there is the state's unparalleled sports infrastructure. California boasts some of the world's best sporting mentors, among them UCLA volleyball coach M. Seates, Stanford University swimming coach Skip Kenney, ice-skating coach Frank Carroll of the Ice Castles Training Center in Lake Arrowhead and gymnastics coach Don Peters of the Southern California Acrobatic Team in Huntington Beach. A vast network of facilities, leagues, coaches and clubs crisscrosses the state.

Add to those factors the leisure-time culture made possible by the state's past prosperity. California has been a boom state for most of the past 30 years, but with their dedication to work, people brought a devotion to play. "Middle-class values about work have combined with an affluent attitude toward sport and leisure. And unlike in any other state, here it was possible," says Peters, who has turned out 40 members of the U.S. women's national volleyball team and 13 Olympians since 1963.

More abstract—even spiritual—ingredients also help put California first. "This is still 'Land's End,'" says sociologist Harry Edwards, a professor at the University of California, Berkeley. "California con-

tinues to offer a sense of hope and opportunity that other parts of the country do not and cannot." Speed and strength are available anywhere, but in few places are they as prized as in the Golden State. As author Herbert Gold observed, "This Dorado of escapees from elsewhere has produced a new race—the Californian. So much athletic grace is almost unnatural."

But others are now vying with California. Sunbelt states like Texas and Florida already have top-

Climate, cash and culture give California athletes a winning edge



flight sports systems at the high school and university levels. Recent research supporting the benefits of high-altitude training will continue to attract athletes to mountainous states like Colorado and Utah.

The state's fiscal crunch could also threaten its sports supremacy. Since 1989, the nation's troubled economy has reached into California with a vengeance. With nearly 8% of its population unemployed and budget deficits hamstringing state and local governments, sports facilities are sure to be hit. Especially threatened are programs for poor urban neighborhoods, where sports are a vital diversion and sometimes a way out.

"The funding is drying up, and the inner cities are going to suffer the most," asserts Ed Fox, publisher of *Track & Field News*. "We've already seen a significant drop-off of athletes from places like Oakland, which used to be rich in young talent." Brooks Johnson, former athletic director at Stanford, says some fundamental economic choices must be made if California is to continue producing sports stars at its usual rate. "It's volleyball or vandalism. Either we invest in our youth, or we are going to ruin whole segments of the population."

For now, California remains the national champion. But if financial problems are not addressed, the state's climate and coaching will mean little when game time comes. The question will not be who wins or loses, but who gets a chance to play. ■

Long jumper Mike Powell practices at track in Rancho Cucamonga

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Is It REALLY THAT WACKY?

Yes, yes, we've heard all the jokes: we know that "spacy" and "flaky" seem almost to have been invented for California and that in the dictionary *California* is a virtual synonym for "far out." Ever since gold was first found flowing in its rivers, the Shangri-La La of the West has been the object of as many gibes as fantasies: just over a century ago, Rudyard Kipling was already pronouncing that "San Francisco is a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people" (others might say "insanely perfect"); and more than 40 years ago, S.J. Perelman was barreling down the yellow brick road to L.A., the "mighty citadel which had given the world the double feature, the duplexburger, the motel, the hamfarter, and the shirt worn outside the pants." Yes, we know, all too well, that "going to California" is tantamount, for many people, to going to seed.

And yes, much of the image does fit. Returning to California recently, I picked up a copy of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and read about people attending a funeral in pinks and turquoises and singing along to Bette Midler ("Dress for a Brazilian party!" the invitation—from the deceased—read); about a missing cat identifiable by a "rhinestone collar w/name and electronic cat door opener"; about women from Los Angeles hiring migrant workers to wait in line for them to buy watches shaped like cucumbers or bacon and eggs. On Hollywood Boulevard I saw a HISTORIC LANDMARK sign outside the site of "The First Custom T-Shirt Shop in California," flyers on the wall promoting a group called Venal Opulence and, in a store across the street, "Confucius X-Rated Mini-Condom Fortune Cookies." No wonder, I thought, that when I tell people I live in California—worse, that I choose to live in California—they look at me as if I had decided not to get serious or grow up; as if I had succumbed from reality.

Part of the reason for all this, no doubt, is circumstance. For one thing, California wears its contradictions, its clashing hearts, on its sleeve: even its deepest passions are advertised on bumper sticker, T-shirt and vanity plate. California is America without apologies or inhibitions, pleased to have found itself here and unembarrassed about its pleasure. So too, society in California is less a society than a congregation of subcultures, many of them with a membership of one: every man's home is his castle in the air here.

In addition, California's image has been fashioned largely by interlopers from the East, who tend to look on it as a kind of recumbent dumb blond, so beautiful that it cannot possibly have any other virtues. Thus the California of the imagination is an unlikely compound of Evelyn Waugh's Forest Lawn, Orson Welles' Hearst Castle, every screenwriter's Los Angeles and Johnny Carson's "beautiful downtown Burbank." Nice house, as they say, but nobody's at home.

By now the notion of California as a wiggled-out free-for-all has become a legend, and as self-sustaining as every other myth. If I had read about

vegetable-shaped watches in the *Des Moines Register*, I would have taken it as a reflection not on Iowa but humanity; but California has been associated with flakiness for so long that it is only the flaky things we see as Californian. There are five pet cemeteries in California registered with the International Association of Pet Cemeteries (vs. eight in New York State), but it is the canine morguaries in L.A. that everybody mentions.

When California is ahead of the world, it seems outlandish; yet when its trends become commonplace, no one thinks of them as Californian. Large-scale recycling, health clubs, postmodern enchiladas all were essentially Californian fads until they became essential to half the countries in the world. And many people do not recall that such everyday, down-to-earth innovations as the bank credit card, the 30-year mortgage and the car loan were all, as David Rieff, in a new book about Los Angeles, points out, more or less developed by that great California institution the Bank of America.

And as the California

A flaky image hides a deeper truth: bright sunshine casts dark shadows



myth gains circulation, it attracts precisely the kind of people who come here to sustain it: many of the newcomers to the "end of America" are Flat Earthers, Free Speechers or latter-day sinners drawn by the lure of a place where unorthodoxy is said to be the norm. Frank Lloyd Wright once said that all the loose nuts in America end up in Los Angeles because of the continental tilt. Aldous Huxley suggested that the world resembled a head on its side, with the supernatural Old World occupying a different sphere from the vacant, dreamy spaces of the collective subconscious of the West. California, he was implying, is the name we give our hopes and highest fantasies: an anteworld of sorts, governed by an antireality principle and driven by an antigravitational push. That is why he, along with Thomas Pynchon and Ursula Le Guin and a hundred others, set his Utopia in California; with its deserts and rich farmland and a valley (if not a sea) named after death, California has im-

Scenes from a state that doesn't stand (or lie down) to reason: the Crystal Cathedral; an odd billboard; an artichoke-eating contest

In California every man's home is his castle in the air

pressed many as a kind of modern Holy Land. California, in short, doesn't stand to reason (it doesn't even lie down to reason). "The drive-in restaurant has valet parking," notes P.J. O'Rourke, and "practically everyone runs and jogs. Then he gets in the car to go next door." There's no beach at North Beach, he might have added, and *Sunset Boulevard* was shot on Wilshire. William Faulkner was arrested for walking here, and teenagers look older than their parents. "The tolerant Pacific air," in Auden's words, "makes logic seem so silly." And that air of unreality is only quickened by the fact that California is the illusion maker of the world: "Everyman's Eden" has made a living almost out of living up to other people's expectations.

What tends to get forgotten in all this is that the aerospace industry is centered in Southern California. The source of the state's wealth is that least dreamy and most realpolitik-bound of industries, defense. Yes, the late Gene Roddenberry may have dreamed up *Star Trek* here, but he drew upon his experience in the Los Angeles police department. For every quaint, picture-book San Francisco floating in the air there is an Oakland across the bay, gritty, industrial and real; for every Zen-minded "Governor Moonbeam" there is a hardheaded Richard Nixon; for every real estate office in the shape of a Sphinx there is a man behind the desk counting dollars.

The town in which I live, the pretty, sunlit, red-roofed Mediterranean-style resort of Santa Barbara, is typical. The town prides itself on being the birthplace of hot tubs and the site of the first Egg McMuffin. There is little or no industry here, and everyone seems to be working, full time, on his lifestyle. Thus people from Melbourne to Marseilles tune into the *Santa Barbara* soap opera, and in the Kansai region of Japan, women in SANTA BARBARA sweatshirts crowd into the Santa Barbara ice-cream parlor. Yet there is a theoretical-physics institute here, and there used to be a think tank peopled by refugees from the University of Chicago.

Besides, it is in the nature of bright sunlight to

cast long shadows: when Santa Barbara has hit the headlines recently, it has been because of an eight-year drought so severe that even showers were limited; a fire that destroyed 600 houses (including mine); and one of the country's most poisonous homeless battles. AIDS to the north, gang wars to the south; droughts interrupted by floods; mudslides down the coast that left 91 dead in 1969; earthquakes that bring in their wake bubonic plague (contracted by 160 people as a result of San Francisco's 1906 earthquake); California, as Christopher Isherwood saw, "is a tragic country—like Palestine, like every Promised Land."

Not long ago in Garden Grove, just two miles south of Disneyland, where Vietnamese *dentistas* (SE HABLA ESPAÑOL, say their windows) bump against halal (Islam's equivalent to kosher) grocery stores in Spanish-style malls, I paid a visit to the Crystal Cathedral. On first encounter the area seems a vision of the cacophonous dystopia of the future in which a hundred California dreams collide and each one drowns the others out. Yet beneath the surface there is a kind of commonness, a shared belief in all of them that the future can be customized. This faith is implicit in the immigrants' assumptions—they have voted with their feet in coming here—and it is made explicit, for longtime residents, by the Rev. Robert Schuller, who fills his sprawling Crystal Cathedral with hymns to "Possibility Thinking."

Schuller's great distinction, perhaps, is not just that he was a pioneer of the drive-in church (and his sermons are still broadcast, via a wide-screen TV, to overflow parishioners in the parking lot outside), nor that he has managed to erect a glittering monument to his "Be-Happy Attitudes," but rather that he has gathered a huge nationwide following out of preaching what is in effect Californianism. For if you look at his books (*Your Future Is Your Friend, Success Is Never Ending, Failure Is Never Final*), and if you walk around his church, as airy and futuristic and free of Christian iconography, almost, as a Hyatt Regency hotel, you can see

that the heart of his scripture is simple optimism, on the surface scarcely different from that espoused by New Age gurus across the state (in the Bodhi Tree bookstore, *Create Your Own Future* tapes are on sale, made by a Stanford professor).

Faced by such unlikelihoods, one begins to see that California is still, in a sense, what America used to be: a spiritual refuge, a utopian experiment, a place plastic enough, in every sense, to shape itself to every group of newcomers. It is a state set in the future tense (and the optative mood), a place in a perpetual state of becoming. Of course it's strange: it is precisely the shape of things to come, as unexpected as tomorrow. Of course it's unsettled: it's making itself up as it goes along. ■

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Norelco can actually shave you *below* skin level to give you an exceptionally close shave. And because you can shave without the blades even touching your face, the results are remarkably comfortable.

How is this possible?



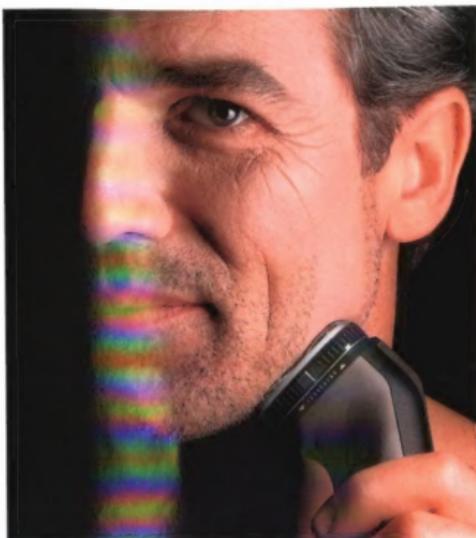
Blade cuts lifted hair which then drops back below skin level.

Norelco's patented "Lift and Cut"™ system is skillfully engineered with a precision lifter positioned in front of the blade. When the lifter notches into a hair, it lifts it up. As the blade cuts it, the hair shaft can actually drop *below* the skin. The blades don't even touch your face.

Such superior technology delivers not only an incredibly close shave. But a totally comfortable one.

Try the Norelco.

And begin appreciating the highest standards of shaving *for* yourself.



Norelco®

We make close comfortable.

The 1992 Buick LeSabre. To make it better...



..We reflected on a legend.

All New, All Buick

Buick LeSabre—a car whose reputation for quality is legendary—has been totally redesigned. Here's how we are making it even better.

Safer

The new LeSabre offers a standard driver air bag, front-wheel-drive traction and available anti-lock brakes.

More Powerful

A 170-horsepower 3800 V6 engine with tuned-port injection and a 4-speed automatic transmission equipped with computerized shift control provide smooth, sure power.

DynaRide Smoothness

LeSabre's DynaRide® suspension senses



road conditions and responds to create a remarkably smooth, library-quiet ride.

Roomier

LeSabre offers 6-passenger seating, plus generous head- and legroom, and a 17-cubic-foot trunk with an easy-access low-liftover design.

Fuel Economy

The full-size LeSabre delivers fuel economy some mid-size sedans can't even match.

EPA ESTIMATED MPG	
18/city	28/highway

To learn more about the 1992 LeSabre, please call 1-800-531-1115. Or better yet, see your Buick dealer.

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Buckle up, America!

